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ISSUE 220 • JULY 2001 • THAT SCALLEN SLUT MAGAZINE FROM CTR 101.9FM

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regulars

SORRY
Elvira B. wrote last month's interview with Y for Vendetta. Sorry, sorry, sorry.

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DISCORDER

COVER

Fugazi are coming. Fugazi are coming. Maybe they already came. Shawn Scallen photo, Lori K designed it. She's totally nuts. Check out Shawn's photos at www.scallen.com and his record label at www.spectrasonic.com

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DEADLINES: Copy deadline for the August issue is July 14th. Ad space is available until July 21st and can be booked by calling Maren at 604-622-3017 ext. 3. Our rates are available upon request. DISCORDER is not responsible for loss, damage, or any other injury to unsolicited manuscripts, unsolicited artwork (including but not limited to drawings, photographs and transparencies), or any other unsolicited material. Material can be submitted on disc or in type. As always, English is preferred. Send e-mail to DISCORDER at discorder@club.ams.ubc.ca.

From UBC to Langley and Squamish to Beilngham, DISCORDER can be heard at 101.9 FM as well as through all major cable systems in the Lower Mainland, except Show in White Rock. Call the CTR DJ line at 622-2487, our office at 622-3017 ext. 0, or our news and sports line at 622-3017 ext. 2. Fax us at 622-9364, e-mail us at ctrmp@mail.ams.ubc.ca, visit our web site at <http://www.ams.ubc.ca/media/ctr> or just pick up a goddamn pen and write #233-6138 SUB Bld., Vancouver, BC, V6T 1Z1, CANADA.

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SONAR
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Events at a glance:

SUNDAY JULY 1

SONAR 4 - YEAR ANNIVERSARY feat. JAZZANOVA (Compost, GERMANY)
Celebrating 4 years at the heart of Vancouver's underground with Jazzanova's Vancity debut! Doors 9pm, special extension to 2am! plus Sonar residents Luke McKeahan, Tyler T-Bone! Stadius, Czech, Dana D, Vinyl Richie, G-MAN, Dr J and more. Advance fix \$25 at Bruce, Bassix, Zulu, Futuristic Flavour, Boomtown, and Highlife.

MONDAY JULY 2

ANTICIPATION II w/ DJ Veronica, The Sundance Kid & Loxley
Early set from the HOLLOW G's breakcrew. Doors 9pm/\$5

WEDNESDAY JULY 4

GRANDE 4 YEAR ANNIVERSARY - INDEPENDENCE DAY CELEBRATION
GMAN & Risk celebrate the four year anniversary of Vancouver's longest running urban night, where people party like it's a weekend Original DJ lineup of GMAN (International, Grande), Wax (DMC Champion), Kemo (Rascalz), Risk, and M'err playing the hip hop, r&b, old school, reggae, soul, funk, and breaks in two rooms. Doors 9pm/\$6

FRIDAY JULY 6 Spectrum Ent. & pharsyde present

DI GREYBOY (Ubiquity) plus early set from **BUCK 65**
San Diego beat-guru Greyboy fills the dancefloor. Nova Scotia hip-hopper Buck 65 opens. \$10 before 10:30 pm/\$12 after

FRIDAY JULY 13 pharsyde Presents

CROSSFADE FRIDAYS Party-rocking hip-hop from the one and only Vinyl Richie w/ special guest DJ PUMP of Calgary. 2000 DMC & ITF Canadian Champ/\$8 before 10:30 pm/\$10 after

THURSDAY JULY 19

HALO VARGA (H-Foundation, Siesta/Bluem, San Diego) + **JON DELERIOUS** (Nordic Trax, Calgary) One half of the sensational production duo H-Foundation, Halo is a resident at Fabric (London) and takes a break from his busy schedule to touch down in Vancouver. Special agent Jon Marchuk drops by to demonstrate why he is one of Calgary's most popular club djs. His track 'Orange Eyes' from NT019 was recently licensed to England's Global Underground, to be released on 'Nu Breed 5' this summer. + Rm 2: Dr J & Otaku. 4 info hit: informant@2guenila.com \$10 @ Sonar (no s/c), Bassix, Futuristic Flavour, Boomtown & Zulu. \$12 door.

THURSDAY JULY 26 - Om Records & Nordic Trax Pres.

MARK FARINA (Mushroom Jazz/All World, San Fran)
Currently charting top 5 on the Electronica Charts in the US & Canada for his Mushroom Jazz 3 Mix, Mr Farina is no stranger to the Vancity and brings the funk for a night of deep & nasty house. w/ Luke McKeahan & Dana D plus Rm 2: The Soulful DJ's. 9pm/tickets: \$15 @ Ticketmaster, Sonar (no s/c), Bassix, Futuristic Flavour, Boomtown, Bruce, Zulu & Sophia Books/\$20 door

FRIDAY JULY 27 pharsyde Presents

CROSSFADE FRIDAYS Party-rocking hip-hop from the one and only Vinyl Richie. Doors 9pm/\$7 before 10:30 pm/\$9 after

SATURDAY AUG 4

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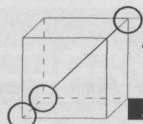
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I am suffering from an anti-interest ailment. Is it that, like food, music is less appealing in the heat of early summer, when you're sticky and grumpy and all that goes down is a sandwich? Can I only stomach minimal electronics or something? No. It is so much worse. My batch of trusty singles this month stinks. That's all there is to it. Why so harsh? Read further, good souls, and find out.

I guess I had the bad luck of starting with the worst record first. Okay, I'm going to come out and say this, play all the cards, open myself up to the hatred of any of those "sensitive" types who don't already begrudge me for my emotive harpoonings—BRIGHT EYES is the biggest piece of poo bad in the universe. Yes indeed. I could use cuss-words to describe the painful, wussy drivel that this dude throws out at us, but instead I choose to go verbose. Here goes: You, Mr. Bright Eyes, who makes women swoon and men get in touch with something stuffed

up in their hearts, you are no good. Your yelpings and gently-strummlies are so superbly marinated in your own self-absorbed tears that they do not affect me in the least. I remain cold and callous to your attempts at world-wussification and hope I can succeed in encouraging others to turn a blind eye, and heart, to your sensitive slop.



BRIGHT EYES

Whew. And that's it for distribute number one. I mean... Well, I don't think anything else ranked that low. Oh wait, I forgot to mention that Bright Eyes' newest single, featuring the two hit tracks "Motion Sickness" and "Soon you will be Leaving

Your Man," is available in stores and by mail from Blood of the Young Records! Buy it! Turn spined! Mope all day! (Blood of the Young, PO Box 14411, Minneapolis, MN 55414)

Now, while Bright Eyes' single was, to me, unlistenable, most of the other releases were, thankfully, merely unremarkable, uninteresting, uninspired... un-Julie-friendly. I'm just a cranky rat-baby-bastard these days, and you'll have to not necessarily mistake my words for weighty in almost every single case ever.

Example: I suggest not purchasing the STEREO/ULTIMATE FAKEBOOK split. You, however, will do so, once I tell you that Ultimate Fakebook is actually pretty good, with a strong first track (good guitar licks, well-realized vocals). You will overlook my dismissal of the Stereo as another band capable of misguiding our youth, and let your last youthful strains be pained by this band's worthlessness. Singer-man's voice is so hideously out of place here, his band's being

all power-pop-with-bitten-lip and he's powerhousing it in a fine '80s style! This is middle of the road, people! What are you going to do about it? Support it? I suspected as much. (Pop Kid, 16 Raleigh Lane, Wayne, NJ 07470)

I will tell you also not to hunt for the new BRMC double 77, but only because, being major label material, this'll all be on the full-length album anyway. That's due out any day now. I like the band a little less with each listen; perhaps it's because I found out where the band got its name. Marlon Brando is no Jimmy Dean, let me tell you! I do still think this band has more to offer than most new bands on major labels today, but why the heck am I reviewing major label stuff anyway? Excuse me while I remove the "Indie Queen" badge from my sash. At least I can keep the "Bitter Bee" one! (This is on Virgin, how hard can that be to find?)

TENNESSEE TWIN might brighten some of your days with their supposedly gloomy old-time-country tunes. I'm not the biggest fan, but will let up with the relentless trade long enough to let you know that this record's probably the best of my batch this month. I'll have you know that I'm not just kissing Mint hiney, either! Tennessee Twin is led by Cindy



Wolfe, twin of the Bratmobile Wolfe and ex-labely of that Zumpango/New Pornographers guy who kicked me repeatedly at a Smugglers show who I'm holding a grudge on for good. But I digress. So she's, like, this singer, and, like, her voice isn't the strongest around, but she gets the job done. She has a really strong backing band, featuring fiddlers, accordionists, and a pedal steel player, while ever that entails. I find the band's debut back at the Pic with the Nardwuar-less Evaporators and Bratmobile back in the day, and I'm glad to say they've improved immensely. For you who love the country, or the unwavering support of local acts, get thee on this! (Mint, PO Box 3613, Vancouver, BC V6B 3Y6)

Sub Pop's a funny label. They're not quite from around here, but we still sorta got to love them. At least their bands sometimes cross the border for us. THE MAKERS come up

here from time to time and usually put on a pretty entertaining show, full of tambourines and catchy choruses. The band's "Tiger of the Night" single, released as part of the Sub Pop Singles collection, is not the best ever, but it's still pretty good. Everybody made fun of the band's last full-length (or at least, *The Stranger* did), and they're the only paper I believe), but I don't think the Makers have lost it yet. Sure, the band may be a little too big for its collective britches, but they can still make any fool dance! (Sub Pop, PO Box 20645 Seattle, WA 98102)

People, I'm going to end this column with a cry for help. You of discerning taste, you who laughs with pleasure at my chopping of artist's words and hearts, send me tapes of your favourite singles! Or send me lists of the best singles out there! Lead me in the direction of good times, if you can... Send your own band's 7's, or tapes of your best stuff from collecting days gone by, and you'll make my summer (and, if this works, my next column as well!) Thank you muchly in advance, due to those who will salvage my summer. *

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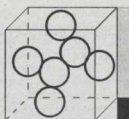
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culture shock

anthony monday:kuwaiti correspondent

The Eunuch Or Repetitive Symbols of My Time

This is my last article from Kuwait. Outside, it is 50 degrees and dusty. The lake/large puddle that grew over the "winter" months in the depression at the end of my desert-backyard has begun to dry. Forming in the evaporating water, there are nodules of salt the size of castrated gorilla testicles. This world has suddenly and again become a place lonelier than the moon. I am reminded of my first weeks here, the air like someone holding a hair dryer to my face. It makes a circle of my year, a loop. No snake eating its tail, more like a beige desert lizard outside my window, held high, his spiny tail curled in an almost circle around the simian testicles of salt.

There is a swirling mass inside me that I cannot figure out. It does not look like torn off gorilla testicles. It looks more like some Star Trek warp core, all blue and misty. The loneliness of this year has begun to crack, the walls in my monastery crumble like some of the bombed-out houses in Old Kuwait, the ones left—rotting—as symbols and reminders of the Iraqi Invasion.

I was not invaded by Iraq, however. I have had no dictatorship accuse me of stealing oil. I have not been violated by a desperate country, and so I have no reason to keep these dry and brittle houses, littered with bullet holes, as monuments.

But here, they have kept every moment of war. Outside a museum, there is a Mercedes, spray painted gold, red paint for blood dripping out the bullet holes—the size of gorilla testicles, of course. The car belonged to a member of the royalty who was killed escaping the invading troops. The bullets still remain imbedded, and I can stick out a finger and touch them. Out in the desert there is a graveyard of trucks and tanks, and the metal is cracking and caving in, exposed to the perpetual desert heat. The dunes are eating them, and some have just become barrels sticking out of sand. I can also touch these hot metal monsters, stick my hand into the barrels of tanks: a hot metallic fisting, no testicles involved, gorilla's or otherwise.

But me, I have not been in a war. Lately, I do not have any fire for memories of gunfire and the sound of a booming sky. I have merely spent the time in exile. I have spent the time

with the desert, the sheep and an autistic badgie. Yes, in the desert, I have found the shells of Bedouin Kalishnakows, see the pistols that are hung freely from the belts of proud 15-year-old boys—symbols of manhood. Yes, I hear the shooting in the night, the tribal families who, during the day, drive the Jaguars fast and watch satellite TV in 15-bedroom mansions, and, at night, go to the dark, go the desert to try to remember their past that was pulled away from them by oil and money and the western men not 50 years ago. Parents and grandparents tell me they remember moving from tents and shacks to brand new houses with pools and air conditioners that rattled like dried gorilla's testicles in a hollow bamboo branch.



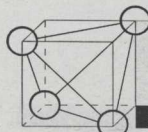
And now, my air conditioned home-for-one-year has been packed up. I have rolled my shirts around delicate things and placed them in a heavy suitcase, too heavy to lift—perhaps some crumbling bricks of my insides were accidentally packed too. Last to go, my music and my computer to write this article, a sign of the dedication to CTR and DISORDER, even now, nine months since the wet air of Vancouver was exhaled into this oven-like heat, and nine months of dust settling in my wrinkles. Wrapped carefully somewhere in that hockey bag is a bottle of desert sand. And a dried gorilla's testicle of salt. And a piece of metal, and a piece of glass from a tank half-buried in moving sand and violent memories.

The tank itself does not remember, nor does the encroaching desert. The lizards and their spiny tails do, perhaps, but they are not telling. I

try to decipher their quick movements, try to understand their stories, but it is hot outside, and I am not as old as them.

I cannot truly show you this world. I cannot expect a true representation of my world, only give you my feelings and my western imperialistic views. I can only show you the pictures, write about the upright shadows of women in black abayas. I can only tell you about the wealth, and the opulence and a certain castrated feel of the people walking in western clothes, spending western money. I can only show you the motorcycles travelling at 150 kmph, two teenage boys in t-shirts and shorts, no helmets, going fast, the wind in their hair and between their legs, perhaps trying to cool their hot impulses that are, by law, illegal. They zoom past me while I am in a slow taxi cab, then they slow down and wave, madly, at a westerner, shout through the wind broken English. One stands up, gripping onto the shoulders of the one driving, and they go faster, scream, and weave in out of the cars, the BMWs of the Kuwaitis and the boxy Lada's of the immigrants. For a while, I can see the boy standing, waving his hands above the roofs of other fast cars, and then he disappears into the blur of traffic lights and lonely highway distance at 1 am.

And this morning, I place my hands against the walls of my crumbling house, stare at the squares of dust outlining the place where photographs—people I have lost contact with and places I used to call home—used to be. I am coming home. Whatever and wherever that is. And I wonder, what is a world without a desert? Without the shells of gunfire to pick up on early morning walks? What is a world where I am not alone? What is a world without a man, standing outside his giant house trying to pull a sheep out of his Mercedes? The sheep, woolly and scared, refuses to leave the backseat comfort of the car. The man has tied a rope around the animal's neck, and yanks, his foot against the racing green paint. This animal is for a feast, a traditional meal. And it sits, stubborn, on its hind legs, testicles exposed and unmoving, a piece of their cultural past that refuses to be budged. And the man curses in the hot Arabian morning, but is laughing. And I walk past, smile, and walk towards home. Whatever and wherever that is. •



vancouver special

janis mckenzie

TRANSVESTIMENTALS

Difficult Loves (Independent)

The Transvestimentals, comprised of former and present members of No Fun, Coal, Gaze, The Mach III's, cub, and other bands, play mainly in drag, and write songs that are kind of glam, kind of English punk, and quite noisy. Given the costumes and the self-deprecating sense of humor that comes with them, you might be surprised to hear just how good these songs are. "Trashed by Love" is as loud, catchy, and sweet as the *Shiff Little Fingers*' "Barbed Wire Love," with more overdriven guitars. "Meat Boy" could almost be a previously unheard track from the *Ricky Horror Picture Show*, and "She's Got Culture," ought to be sung in sports arenas (although if it were, that would mean that no one was paying attention to the lyrics). Then, of course, there is the "Incidental Transvestimental Song," which traditionally opens and closes the band's live sets. Be sure to listen through to the end for the guilty pleasure covers, recorded in their practice space.

MISHIN IMPOSTICLE

The Sad Sad Sadness of The Cigarette Girl (Independent)

This is a proudly lo-fi solo outing from Valeria Fellini, perhaps best known as a one-time drummer for cub. But with the possible exception of elements of "Good Cement," recorded with former bandmates from Gaze, there's nothing here that will remind you of cuddlecore. Instead, Valeria sings sharp-edged poetry in an often quavering, digitally delayed, high voice, over instrumental textures whose sources range from the

groovy-quirky to ska and slightly twisted to traditional English folk. Alas, it's hard to hear most of the lyrics, but the bits that jump out are tantalizing ("The plastic-coated pussy and the vinyl-covered dick... it's all the rage," for instance, from the last track). All proceeds go to the Positive Women's Network and Everywoman's Health Centre.

SORESSA GARDNER Scafs And Dressings (Independent)

Soressa is plenty stylish, as she demonstrates on her CD artwork with her cool shoe collection, round glasses, and magenta hair. She also has a clear voice, well-suited to the very sparse arrangements of the music, which is a kind of east-side coffee house nouveau folk. Perhaps most satisfying is a song about skating around on prescription drugs, "Rollerblades and Ativan," which includes the tasty lines, "Double scotch in my hand/The other held my Ativan." Don't try this at home, kids! <soressa@cosmopolis.bc.ca> www.cosmopolis.bc.ca

TIM READMAN

Into the Red (City/Festival Distribution)

Probably because of Tim's association with a band called Fear of Drinking, I was half-expecting this to be a folk record somewhere on the more drunk-and-rollicking Pogue-ish end of things. Instead, *Into the Red* is mainly arranged with pretty acoustic instruments, including guitar, whistle, flute, fiddle, mandolin, accordion, piano, and harp. Bits are Celtic-flavoured, and there are indeed

some serious lyrics. Others might just be meant as ironic or faux-naïf, or at least that's all I can make of, "They say the people are polite/I like them that way myself/When you fall in love with Canada/She won't leave you on the shelf," from "Oh Canada."

www.timreadman.com

JOEL

Trains Are Fast

(Interactive Liquid Creature) This long (72 minutes) CD is a noisy conglomeration of speedily dissonant noise, often incoherent vocals, schizophrenic beat-inspired lyrics, frantically played guitars, and spoken word bits from fictional characters called The Announcer, The Fool, and The Drunk. At times, such as in the last (instrumental) track, Joel manages to create a mood that is somehow both hyper-energetic and incredibly moody, apparently with nothing more than an acoustic guitar.

www.angelfire.com/jd/ILK

FIDGITAL

Spyglass (Independent)

This one's a bit of a jolt after a couple of hours with Soressa and the Joels. Fidgital might be every bit as socially relevant, but they come at it from a different, more electronic, direction. There are echoes of James Bond themes, *Pizzicato Five*, semi-ironic soundtracks to 70s car chase movies, Planetary music, Tangerine Dream (and other synthetic/psychédelic types), '80s dance music, and even first-generation swing. The group thoughtfully lists the beats per minute for each song, too.

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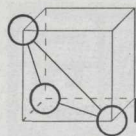
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DEXTER'S LAB
DC Comics

No surprise, I like cartoons. But do you know what my favorite one is? No, not the *Powerpuff Girls*, not *Scooby Doo* and certainly not *Pokemon* but *Dexter's Lab*! I love *Dexter's Lab*. Why? It's funny, clever and it's for geeks! The cartoon was created by Genndy Tartakovsky and my first exposure to it was on the Jay Leno show. Oddly enough he was interviewing this six year old kid who had just written an episode. "Pretty cool," thought I, and the deed was done, I was a Dexter fan. Later I haven't been watching TV so my *Dexter's Lab* fix has come in the form of comics. But watching the cartoon is a must. You have to hear the voices in your head. (Wait, that didn't sound right). It wouldn't be the same without Dexter's bizarre Russian accent echoing in my

cranium while I read.

The premise is pretty basic. Dexter's a six-year-old super genius with a huge secret laboratory under his house. He has an older sister named Dee Dee who dresses like a ballerina, loves the color pink and kind of appears vacant, but she usually manages to frustrate and outwit Dexter in a sort of benign way. There's his Mom and Dad, who are your standard sitcom parents. They love him dearly but are completely oblivious to what goes on around them. And lastly there's Mandark, Dexter's arch nemesis, an eight-year-old supergenius who is, incidentally, in love with Dee Dee.

So what kind of crazy shenanigans does Dexter get into? The stories are usually short but always funny. I was giggling a second time while sorting through them for this review. The first issue starts with Dexter reading comics. He

decides to draw his own but they all look like a six-year-old did them. "Let the science begin!" Dexter invents the Kirbytron 2000 and leaps in, becoming a superhero. The last thing is the rest of the comic is drawn in this weird Dexter/Kirby hybrid style. What else? Dexter and Mandark have to use their supergenius to save the world but end up fighting over who has made the best robot ever. Mandark disguises himself as Dexter's mom so he can destroy his lab. Dee Dee pushes the wrong button and gets huge. Dexter borrows his Mom's rubber gloves and she goes insane. My favorite issue is the one where Dexter falls in love with this girl genius, Doreen. It's a wonderful spring romance that blossoms along swimmingly until Dexter sends her his blueprints for his latest invention. "This will never work, my love." Dexter

promptly gives her the boot. My other favorite is issue #4, *Dexter*, with the help of science reaches into the fifth dimension and pulls out...the comic you're reading! So he knows everything that's going to happen. It of course doesn't happen anything like that. But the best part is when Dee Dee gets her mitts on the comic. She starts scribbling out the word balloons and putting things in like, "I love Dee Dee. She is the best sister in the whole world!"

Flowers appear around Dexter's head. It was clever and cute. It's the second greatest thing about *Dexter's Lab*. It's fun for everyone. Adults can read it, kids can read it, little old grannies can read it and get a chuckle. The best thing of course is that it puts a great spin on science. Admittedly you probably couldn't ever invent a Kirbytron 2000, but it sure sparks the imagination. The art style is very fitting for the book. A big, bombastic brightly-colored '50s deco. Simple and exciting, very effective. DC has also been using some interesting mainstays in the goofy cartoonists stable of artists.

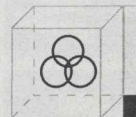
The issue where Dexter's mom goes insane was drawn by



Stephen Desfaleano. Known recently for his work on *Jingle Belle* (another great comic you should be reading!), and his style shines through on this issue. It was absolutely wonderful watching Dexter's mom deteriorate in a way only Desfaleano could do. Unlike the *Simpsons* comics for example, the artists who are involved are allowed to stylize it their own way. There is a distinct difference between a Bill Wray *Dexter's Lab* and one of the reg-

ulars, John Delaney.

There are 22 issues so far and they come out once a month. So when Mom and Dad are on your case for watching cartoons 'cause everyone knows they rot your mind, grab a *Dexter's Lab* comic and yell out "Let the science begin!" Hopefully they will be satisfied with their budding mad scientist and not put you in a strait jacket. •



fucking bullshit

by christa m.

There's one sure way to find out if someone's insane. The scale of insanity is large. There's the scared-of-talking-on-the-phone kind of insanity, which is pretty low on the scale or the kill-people-and-eat-their-flesh-kind of insanity, which tops the charts. The insanity I'm talking about is closer to the low-end, but still, insane is insane, and you have to watch out.

It is very likely that a person is crazy if they insist on drinking out of a straw. Now this doesn't mean that you're insane if you've drunk out of a straw before. Sometimes you have to use a straw. I'm pretty sure you have to drink a milkshake out of a straw because it's thick and cold and if you try to pick it up and drink it, first, your hand gets cold, and second, if you tip it too fast or too far the whole thing will fall on your face. But I'll have to check on that 'cause I've never had a milkshake before. But I've seen people drink them, so I figure I should know. When you're at a restaurant they always give you a straw. You can choose not to use it, but it's pretty easy just to go along with it. You never have to pick up the glass, you just lower your face and suck.

Kids don't count because for kids straws are fun, especially the kind that bend. They like the colours or stripes or whatever's on them. They like to blow bubbles. I'm talking about old people here. Well, not seniors 'cause they probably like to drink out of straws. Their teeth are sensitive and a straw's like a tube straight to the throat. They like that. So if you're not a kid or a senior and you ALWAYS have to drink out of a straw, you're insane.

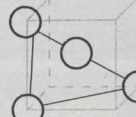
The main reason why people want to drink out of a straw is because of cleanliness. Take a can of soda, for instance. If you drink it without a straw your mouth is going to have to touch the can which may have been dropped in a toilet by accident, dried off, then put back on the shelf. The appeal of the straw is that it's clean and sterile, right out of an individual wrapper, just like a condom. So the number one reason why people use a straw is because they're afraid they might catch gonorrhea.

Drinking out of a can or bottle with a straw is insane. Have you ever seen anyone drink beer through a straw? Chances are that you haven't because straw-users don't drink beer. Beer doesn't come with straws. To drink out of a glass,

actually open the mouth and make contact with the glass that was previously used by an old man who just had a cock in his mouth, is out of the question. So they don't drink beer. Mostly because it is not socially acceptable to drink beers out of a straw but also because beer tastes like alcohol. Same goes for wine.

Straw-users like to order fruity little cocktails that taste like Kool-Aid or some shit with a hundred ingredients in it with a stupid name like Screwbound China Coddini. The fancy numbers always come with a straw, maybe even an umbrella and a piece of fruit. They like that. I'll admit that I don't drink beer. I don't drink soda (a word much preferred over "pop") either. On New Year's Eve 1997 I resolved to quit drinking carbonated beverages. Why? FOR NO APPARENT REASON. I think I might've read in the *National Enquirer* that carbonation was bad for you. I haven't broken my resolution except this one time when I had a sip of Red Bull without knowing it was gassed. But that doesn't count 'cause I had no idea.

I don't know. So I'm insane. At least I don't drink out of a fucking straw. •



good morning vancouver

by lyndsay sung

Totally nuts. Totally. So, there's this guy. He's got a head like an overgrown melon and a face that's all maleable like dough. His face is a boy man. You look at him one minute and he's a mentally and emotionally abused child plucked from some weird 1890s family portrait. The next minute he's about 60 years old and he looks all fat and old and weird, worn by weather, time and anguish. But his eyes, mostly. Bleak and dull, like they're looking at nothing and completely within themselves in their own stillness and lifelessness. Utterly and unflinchingly depressed. He's wearing clothes that look like they were picked out for him, like he was incapable of choosing his own. Brown Dockers, boat shoes, clean new jeans, and what looked like some kind of denim, collared jacket. Here, Bill, give me your arm. Put this on. No, not that arm. This arm.

I had a really good place to stand at this show. To the left, right in front of the nut. The nut came onstage, didn't say anything, just started playing, slowly and uncertain at first like a band jamming for the first time. He didn't move or express much, except for an ankle banging his leg to the side out of



time maybe twice in a row, and bent knees and a head tilted backward, singing up toward the microphone. Old.

I saw a boy there. He showed up a bit late. I noticed him after a while and thought to myself, maybe I should go stand with him. Hold his hand. Watch together and listen together. But then I thought, no. This is where I want to stand. This is the best place I could ever stand.

Like a little gnat, my brain said "You are at the same show. They are not standing together. Please stop this madness."

So my little feet sticking out of legs linked over to the boy. I held a hand. I tried to watch. People were drinking beer and being loud. I was distracted by myself. Myself was getting

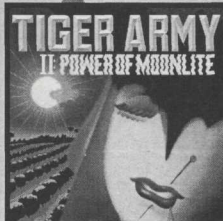
madder at myself. Myself was like, "You dumb girlfriend. You compromised your spot. You have been waiting for this show for a long time. You have surrendered to being a girlfriend and a girl. You are stupid."

Then I started thinking about how the guy on stage was totally nuts. Totally. And then my mind wandered, in the midst of the music, to an article I had read in the paper the day before. About a woman who, due to post-partum depression, proceeded to drown all five of her children in her bathtub, including a two month old baby girl. The oldest son, who was six or seven, tried to run away in fear after he realized what his mother was doing. They found four children wrapped in sheets and the oldest still in the bathtub. The woman had called the police shortly after what she had done, then had called her husband, who was at work, to tell him. I started thinking about dead children. I had compromised my standing spot at a show to hold a hand, and then all I wanted to do was go home. The night was anti-climactic and nuts.

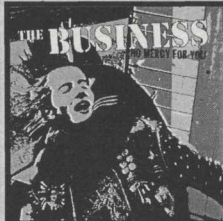
Nuts. Totally, totally nuts. •



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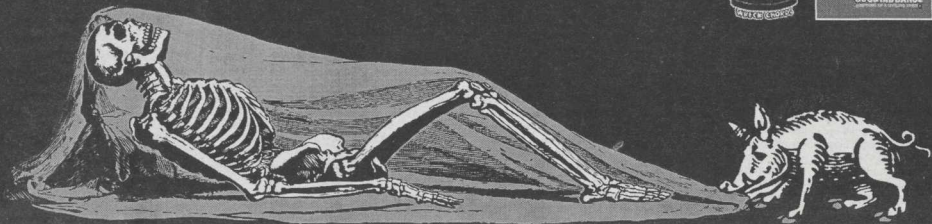
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Nat X vs Michael Franti

DISORDER: *Stay Human* seems to be a natural progression in your musical and political development. Over the course of your career from the Beatings, to Disposable Heroes, through the previous two Spearhead projects, there seems to be a definite sense of refinement and maturity in terms of both musical stylings and the subtlety and maturity of your lyrics. What changes in yourself prompted the development from the loud, dark polemics of Disposable Heroes to the equally incisive but more hopeful tone of the last two Spearhead releases?

Michael Franti: The first thing is that as I've grown, and especially become more involved in activism outside of music, I've really seen that the hardest thing isn't to try to like, make a song that will piss people off; that's really easy to do, you know, to raise issues and get people fired up. The most important thing is to try to persevere and to struggle when you see that, God, things in the world really don't change as fast as we want them to, and one of the things that's helped me get through these difficult times in my life is music. It's artists that are able to write beautiful music and joyful music, but invest it with seeds in the lyrics, they are the artists that endure for me, you know? I think of Bob Marley, Marvin Gaye, Stevie Wonder especially. These are artists that wrote strong, powerful statements about the world they lived in, but they did it through music that you wanted to listen to and over again. That's what I try to do. You identify as (and are identified by others) as a Black man, yet unlike many in the Black diaspora, you explicitly embrace your multi-ethnic background. Has this helped you to develop an analysis that includes, but also looks beyond simplistic symbolic identifications in the struggle against oppression?

Yeah, definitely. You know, sometimes it's hard when you're younger. When I was a kid, one of my parents was Black and one of my parents was white, and I grew up in a community where my next door neighbor was Jewish, the street across the street was Mexican, the family two doors down was Korean, another family down the block was Black. But, in terms of the culture, the community I grew up in was mostly white, so I felt like an outsider a lot of the time in that community. My way of dealing with that was to hold on to my Blackness, to become proud of it, and to only identify with that part of me, even though part of me was European. But as I've grown, and been able to understand more about myself and about the world I've been able to embrace all of me and understand that we're not just solely our race, our gender, our environment, or our destiny, but that we're a mixture of all of those things, and that the decisions and the choices we make in our lives are what ultimately affect who we are as individuals. Now I consider myself to be just another human being, and I'm trying... my biggest struggle is to really try to link my mind and my body and my emotions. To link those things is the path that I call spirituality, and the deeper that one grows in that way, the more that you just identify yourself as a human being, as in individual in the collective, and those things, like race and gender and sexuality, they start to appear to be more and more superficial to the real essence of who you are.

You have consistently demonstrated a strong feminist analysis. What are your comments on the recent FCC ruling on the Sara Jones/DJ Vadim collaboration "Your Revolution"? They banned the track (which deals with the impossibility of true liberation for Black folks until we overcome misogyny within our own culture) from public airplay because it contains "sexual references and explicit language," totally disregarding the fact that the song was an obvious critique of objectification and sexualization of women, especially Black women, in popular culture.

No, really? I hadn't heard about that ruling. I've always called the FCC the FCC. I think that the concept of the "seven dirty words," the idea that you should ban certain concepts, you should ban sexual references, all these things are things that lead to our culture being really fucked up. When I go to other countries they're allowed to say the "seven dirty words" on the air; they're allowed to broadcast songs that have dirty, and it's not corrupting kids to hear some bad words that they say on the street all the time, or that they hear on records in their own homes. But I think that it is bigger than that: the worst crime that the FCC has committed against the people in America is denying them access to the airwaves, and putting those airwaves solely in the hands of those who can afford to pay many, many millions of dollars: we're talking one hundred million for a station in a major market: we're talking one. Like your previous albums, the tracks on *Stay Human* are linked by clear theme, in this case the racist death penalty. However, the focus is on a fictional case. Why?

There's a lot of real life cases that I feel really strongly about, you know, of course Mumia is one. Leonard Peltier is another, but I didn't want to try to refer to the world that one person was innocent. I wanted to show that the whole system was guilty. That's why I chose to use this fictitious case. I wanted it to be like Orson Welles' *War of the Worlds* where you heard this thing and you wondered "God, is this real?" That's how I approached the album, like in the piece that I wrote at the beginning of the record about Sister Fatima, the artwork, the photographs, and I hoped that people would listen to it and wonder, "Is this something I just

hadn't heard about? This is unbelievable!" Because there are so many cases that we haven't heard about. I found the album's theme quite timely considering the rash of high-profile executions in the US over the last two years. Whether or not one supports capital punishment, the recent high-profile cases have clearly illustrated the racist and classist nature of the way it is implemented in the US. As the most recent examples, compare the attention that cases such as McVeigh wherein a white man is executed versus other similarly high profile cases such as Mexican national Juan Garza, whose execution barely warranted a whisper, either of protest or support. It simply wasn't an issue.

Definitely. You know, of all of the people who are on federal death row, 87% of them are people of colour. In terms of convictions, the people who get convicted on murder and sentenced to death in the State systems as opposed to the Federal death sentence cases, I was surprised to learn that the single largest factor is not race but economics. Those who could afford a defense got life, those who couldn't afford a defense received the death penalty.

At the same time, one can't ignore the fact that in North America, poverty generally tends to be racialized. People of colour form a disproportionate proportion of the underclasses.

Yeah, totally. But like Angela Davis has noted in so many cases, the incidents of people of colour getting arrested are so much greater not because people commit so many more crimes, but because we have 24-hour surveillance in our communities. Where I live, there are cops who are up and down the streets all night long, busting people who are selling crack and coke to white people (who just drive through my neighborhood looking for drugs), but they're not busting them.

How did you get involved in the Mumia Abu-Jamal case?
Probably in 1994 or 1995 somebody handed me a video tape. *The Case for Reasonable Doubt*, which was eventually aired on HBO and was about Mumia's case. When I saw the film I just couldn't believe it. I was just so shocked about how this dude could be framed so clearly, so obviously, and yet nothing was happening to free him or even have his case heard. So I started getting more and more involved in it, and while I was visiting Philadelphia to tour I would stop by and meet people like Pat and Ramona Africa from MOVE, and other activists who were aware of Mumia's case. Then, a few years ago, we started putting on a concert in San Francisco called Mumia 911, sort of a day of awareness about Mumia's case: Spearhead played a show, we had Digital Underground, The Roots, and some other great bands. We also had several speakers, Angela Davis spoke, and so every year we have been putting on 911 concerts and we sort of expanded it to be not just Mumia 911, but to be 911, period. We consider it a state of emergency right now with what's going on with the prisons, with the death penalty in our country. While we still wanted to highlight Mumia's case, we also wanted to take it to the streets and show that there are so many people who are on death row, so many people who are in prison unjustly.

Can you speak briefly about your work on the latest Mumia Abu-Jamal album *UTS Progress Drive*? **I've noticed that recently, especially in Canada, his case has all but disappeared from public awareness since Judge Yohn issued the latest stay of execution. How do we as artists and activists maintain the focus on cases such as this?**

I think that the main thing is that we have to find it within ourselves to persevere. That's why we call it "the struggle," because it's a daily thing. Sometimes we get frustrated, we feel that things aren't changing as fast as we'd like them to be, and that's when we have to turn to culture, turn to music, to creativity to give us that extra push to keep persevering and say, "Okay, we're going to have the energy to find the new way, find the new vehicle to get the word out there." That's creativity is the best tool we have because we don't have the money, we don't have the television stations, we don't have the things that the corporate world has to get our point across. We have to find creative means through hitting the streets, through organizing within our own communities, through putting on concerts, through the Internet, and through the best form of media which is and always has been one on one communication. While the recent protests against corporatization and corruption, particularly in Vancouver (APEC Seattle WTO), LA (Democratic Convention), Philadelphia (Republican National Convention) and Quebec (FTAA), have been heavily youth-driven, there seems to be an ever growing polarization between youth cultures of activism and apathy. As an artist, what is your philosophy on how popular culture can help in the development of the awareness and

compassion that generates activism, in particular with respect to the socio-political apathy that seems to pervade the youth culture, particularly the youth culture of Black capitalism.

Well, it's tough. We're constantly bombarded with these messages, "Buy this soft drink and it's going to make you happy; buy this car and it's going to make you sexy; and if you wear these clothes it's going to make you have a lot of friends," and I think to myself, "God, I want to be happy, I want to be sexy and I want to have a lot of friends." But, if you look at youth culture especially in hip hop, there was a time when hip hop was, like, people were saying "I'm pissed off and I want to get mine 'cause I've been broke my whole life so I want to get paid." To me that was a political statement; people saying, "Hey, I'm broke and I want to get paid!" But today you see videos and they're saying, "Now I'm paid and I'm still pissed off." So what does that say? To me that says money and materialism doesn't bring us joy and happiness. So yeah, we're living in a world where materialism has become the utmost concern, but it doesn't bring us what we hoped it would bring, so we have to try and learn to move beyond that and the only way I can really see to fight it is through the music, you know what I mean? In terms of music it's through the artists. There was the Woodstock concert a few years back and I went to it thinking, "Wow, this will be neat. It will restore the vision of the original Woodstock where people were saying 'the system is fucked up but we're going to fight against the system but be good to one another.'" But when I got to Woodstock it was like a bunch of bands on stage getting the crowd to chant "Show us your tits!" to every girl that was pulled up onstage, and I was thinking, "God, where have we come!" In the past it was the artists who led it. It was the people like Santana who, for 25 years, has been spreading the same message: that we're trying to create a world that moves beyond borders, past borders. So I think that popular culture is really important and the message in the music is really important and it's up to the artists to try to motivate people.

Knowing your involvement in the anti-corporate globalization movement, are we going to see a further exploration of this in future releases? **Is this going to be a theme of an upcoming release or is it just an aspect of your activism?**

To me it's just an aspect of my activism. The anti-globalization movement is really important because it seems to us that it is something really new, because it's new to western shores, but it's really just a part of this movement that people of colour have been engaging in around the world for a long time. It's the same movement that led Gandhi to say, "Hey, we want your people out of here!" to the British. "We don't want your businesses coming in here and exploiting our labour and our resources." It's the same thing that took place in the decolonization of Central America, Africa, South America, Asia, all over the planet. People have been fighting against colonialism and imperialism and today it's taking its shape in the form of corporations. So, for me, that is always a part of my music, and the title of the album itself is part of that message. It's saying, "How do we hold on to what it means to be human?" How do we first define what it means to be human and embrace the positive aspects and the negative aspects of being human? And once we've defined it, how do we hold on to it in this world that's constantly trying to push our humanity out of us, and it's like there's a question of how to do that, and there's the question of putting a fist in the air in one hand and a peace sign with the other and just saying to the whole world, "Stay human. I'm here, we're here." •

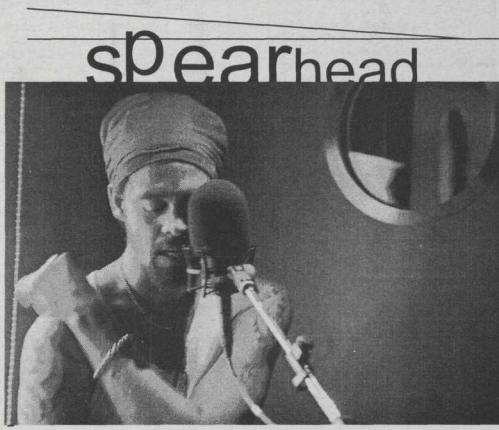
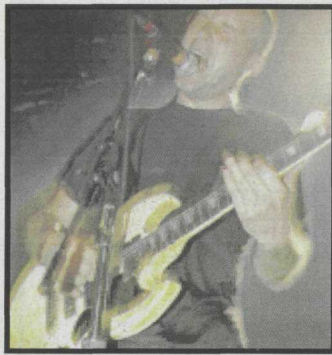


photo by Wonder Knack. www.wonderknack.com

FUGAZI



by christa min photos by shawn scallen

I asked them questions over a computer, not knowing who was going to answer them.

Guy Picciotto: Hey Christa. Thanks for writing and for the interview. I'm writing this from our van en route to our first show, so cut me some slack for motion sickness and for not being able to get to every question. I'll try to cover as much as I can get to... See you in Vancouver!—Guy/Fugazi

DISCORDER: I'm scared. I'm afraid that if I ask you the wrong questions I'll get stoned to death at your show. Why do you think such militant fandom and religious admiration is associated with Fugazi?

The wrong questions really might merit a stoning; you can't blame our fans for that. When I was a kid in the 70s and the Sgt. Pepper's movie came out with the Bee Gees and Peter Frampton in it, I was so outraged I went and protested outside the movie theatre with a couple of my friends. I just felt that the Beatles' music was being desecrated and it drove me insane. So I don't think militant fandom is just the province of Fugazi fans. I think it's just par for the course with music; people take it pretty damn seriously. It defines their lives in really intense ways and they feel protective of it. I can think of worse things to get overheated about.

Why have you chosen to do an all Canadian tour? What took you so long?

Well, the deal is that we have a pretty constricted amount of time available to do tours nowadays... in the early days of the band, we used to go out for like six or seven months a year and we covered a lot of fucking ground. As the band continued, we kept adding to our coverage area so that in addition to the US, Canada, and Europe we started going to places like South America, Australia, the Far East etc. So it just got harder and harder to make it back to places in a decent amount of time. Now that two of the guys in the band have families, the responsibilities attendant with that makes it even harder to cover all the ground we've established for ourselves. What we try to do is keep track of the places we haven't played in the longest amount of time and try to hone in on them. It's getting pretty microscopic, like this tour actually isn't all of Canada but just everything from Winnipeg to Victoria. A lot of those places we actually haven't been to since 1991, so their time came due in terms of priority for us.

Have you been working on a new album? When can we expect a new release?

Yeah, we actually have two releases in the can and going through the manufacturing pipeline as we speak. One is a 10 song album and the other a 3 song single, and they are going to come out simultaneously in the early Fall. Not too long to wait at this point. We are also finally going to release an expanded DVD version of our movie, *Instrument*.

Brendan has worked with Ted Leo and Lois, Guy with Blonde Redhead, and Ian with Dischord bands in the time since *Instrument*. What other projects have you been working on (Joe in particular) in the last while?

We all have different stuff going on all the time. Joe has a label called Toklat records which has been really busy lately with releases from bands like Spirit Caravan, Dead Meadow, and Stinking

In my high school yearbook, next to my graduation picture, I wrote something.

I think they were called "Grad Write-ups."

I wrote a bunch of bullshit about inside jokes and there were a lot of initials and abbreviations, so I could fit in as much garbage as I could.

When I read it now, I have no idea what any of it means. The only thing I do remember is that I wrote the whole thing in lowercase letters, except for six letters.

In the middle of words, I'd throw in a capital, like this:

If you put all the capitals together, it spelled out FUGAZI.

No one noticed.

At my graduation ceremony they called our names, one by one, and we each walked across the stage as the Vice Principal read something that we wrote about ourselves.

It was in third person. Most people thanked their mothers. I did that. When I was slouching across the stage, Ms. Smeal, the Vice Principal, said over the PA, "Christa would like to thank her family and Fugazi."

I don't know what I was thanking them for. They didn't do anything except put out a few good records. I guess I liked them a lot.

Still do.

Lizaveta (for more info you can check out his web site at www.tolita.com). We've been doing some production here and there for various bands in DC, and I also have a label called Twentibit that just released a 2-CD set by a band called Octis. Brendan just produced a record for Ted Leo and he's been doing a lot of soundtrack work for things like TV documentaries... Ian of course has his hands full with managing the band and running Dischord.

How do you decide whether or not you will release a band's record on Dischord? A lot of the bands have shared or related members; obviously Dischord is a community label. What are the chances that a band from Moscow, Idaho who sends you a four track recording is going to get called back?

A band from Moscow, Idaho has a 100% chance of getting a courtesy reply from Dischord responding to their tape but actually a less than 0% chance of getting that tape released on the label for the simple reason that Dischord is exclusively a DC label, only releasing bands from within a community in DC. I think the concept behind the label is to document a very specific scene, not to be a normal "music industry" style label that is always on the scope for bands to sign. Ian has always said that when there is no scene left to reflect that the label will simply cease to exist.

Steve Albini has said that he would pay you to let him record you. Have you ever considered recording with someone other than Don Zientara? (Not that he does a bad job. He's pretty fucking good.) We have actually recorded with other people besides Don (including Steve Albini actually, who recorded a preliminary version of songs that became the *Killmaker* album). John Loder recorded our second EP *Marginal Walker* and we did a Peel Session in England with the old drummer from Mott the Hoople. But it's true that overall most of the stuff we've done has been with Don at Inner Ear. We just feel comfortable working with him—his kind of ground along with us from his original 8 track basement studio to his fancy pants 24 track place now.

Don Zientara uses an Otari MTR-90 at Inner Ear. Have you ever needed to use all 24 tracks?

At this point it would be the rare song where we don't use all 24 tracks. When a track is looming blankly I think it's a natural impulse to want to fill it. They may not all make the cut in the mix, but we tend to end up needing them all particularly now that we have been doing a lot of songs using an additional drummer (our friend and roadie Jerry Busher). In a way that is the beauty of smaller machines; the forced economy of the 8 or 16 track forces you to make more radical mental editing from the get go. I tend to think you can make great music on whatever machine you are faced with, each one just demands a different plan of attack.

To my knowledge, Fugazi has never played a cover song. Why not?

I think one time on our first tour we covered "Pay to Cum" by Bad Brains with Joe singing for Joe goof, but the only time we ever played any covers live. Sometimes in practice we'll fuck around with "Farmer John" or "I'm Free" or something, but at this point, live we don't want to fuck around; we are there to play the songs we wrote. We aren't really into "novelty" moments—we just want to deliver the goods.

In 1982, Joe appeared on a cover of *Thrasher*, sitting on the Old Annadale ramp. In 2000, Ian was reportedly at the grand opening

of the Vans park in DC. In the last Vans Triple Crown contest in Vancouver the number one request for music that the skaters wanted to have played during their contest run was Fugazi. (The number two request was Metallica, in case you were wondering.) **Do any of you still skate? What do you think of the current skateboarding "industry" (ESPN, X Games, *Transworld* etc.)** I've never really been able to stand up on a skateboard without fucking killing myself, but Ian does still skate pretty regularly. As far as the "industry" goes we don't really pay any attention to that end of it, but we have been able to meet a lot of awesome skaters and BMXers over the years who have been really inspiring to us. **Why do you think a connection is always made between skateboarding and music? You would never hear of a pro golf player requesting to hear Fugazi on the 17th hole or of a band playing live in left field during a ball game. In pro hockey and basketball the minute the play starts the music is stopped.**

I guess it's 'cause there is a rhythmic flow to skating; the skater can work off the energy of the music and incorporate it into his flow. I really love basketball, but since the game is essentially a constantly shifting chaos depending on the independent decisions of 10 people at a time, music just wouldn't work choreographically—it would just be distracting and lame.

I've noticed from both your album photos over the years and from watching *Instrument* that at some point you stopped taking your shirts off during live shows. Why? Now I'm sure you still get as hot as you used to, and I can't attribute this to age because you ate the look the same as you did in 1987. Was this a group decision? (Judging by bands who play without shirts, I'd say you made the right choice.)

I can't remember any specific moment where we made a conscious group decision to no longer bare ourselves, but Joe thinks we may have had some kind of awakening when we saw the inner sleeve design our friend put together for the *Repeater* album with topless shots of each of us, the nature boy thing kind of lost its appeal for us after that. In our defense, when the band started we were playing

some pretty fucking hot concerts and it became just a habit to go au naturel. At some point, decorum dictated that we just suffer it out shirted, and I think that it's all for the best. Now we travel with a dryer we customized with wheels so now after the shows we just rinse out our funky clothes and dry them for service at the next show. •

See Fugazi LIVE with Submission Hold and Def Poets Society, Saturday, July 7, Bill Cleveland Arena, Barnaby.



Wagon Christ

By Robert Robot

When I first heard the Wagon Christ album, *Throbbing Pouch*, I thought, "Here's an album that appeals to electro-purists and electro-shy listeners alike." His sound is definitely comparable to fellow counterparts U-Ziq and Aphex Twin, but perhaps a bit easier to digest with the use of funky bass loops while keeping everything quite mellow. Luke Vibert's music, on the other hand, is varied. While his releases under his own name invoke the words break beat, trip hop, and math techno, he also dabbles in drum and bass on his releases under the Plug moniker. Vibert's music is warm and frenetic, cold and angular. He sounds like someone who knows his craft and enjoys it. In true rock star (or should I say electro star?) fashion, Vibert was two hours late for our interview. Many spirits downed in order to quell the boredom of waiting resulted in the following interview with Luke Vibert, aka Wagon Christ.



DISCORDER: When you're reincarnated which animated character would you like to be?

Luke Vibert: I wouldn't want to be a Simpson, although they're my favorites. Did you get *Battle of the Planets* in Canada?

Of course. I think it was called *G-Force* here, but I could be wrong.

I'd like to be 7-Zark-7. He made a really great noise.

Can you tell me why you let other people choose which tracks on *Musipal*?

I don't particularly like the process of choosing tracks. I'm just as happy to let other people do it for me.

Your earlier records seem to vary greatly in style.

All my records are slightly different because I don't like to repeat myself. But I think for obvious reasons those first two or three albums are different than my latest because I was trying to do something different and not what came natural to me. Which is much more funky stuff.

You've done your share of remixes. When does a remix become a completely new track?

It's always a new track, even if you just tweak it a bit. If I really like a track then I keep all the good bits and just rearrange them. But if I don't like the track I'll add what I would like to hear.

I've heard that Aphex Twin won't be releasing anything for a while.

He's told a few people that he's just finished a quadruple LP. He has been recording constantly. I've got a few of his new tracks that will be playing tonight. They're very acidic.

A little bird also told me that you're working with Canadian MC, Blamum.

Yeah, we've been working together on some demo versions of tracks.

Tell me what comes off the top of your head when I say the following words: The Magic Round About.

Doogie.

Britney Spears.

Shit.

Foot and Mouth Disease.

England.

Easy-E.

Ruthless.

Trip-Hop.

Me.

Kid 606.

Me, again I'm afraid. I did a show with him in L.A. about three nights ago and he kept coming up and saying, "Thanks for having me, sorry about the track." I like his track, "Luke Vibert Can Kiss My Indy Rock Punk Ass." And he's good live too.

You've taken the Wagon Christ name from a Robert Crumb character.

Not really. He's referred to only once, in a single frame of one of Crumb's comic books. I think if he were an actual recurring character I wouldn't have chosen the name.

Does Robert Crumb know that he's influenced you?

Nah, he's got his head up his asshole.

Have you seen the documentaries on him?

Yeah, I think he's a prick, but I like the magazines he publishes. I prefer Chris Ware. He does a comic strip in some free paper in Chicago as well as a publication called *The Acme Novelty Library*. I've gotten off that Robert Crumb, over sexed, big assed thing.

I like to pretend that your name is French and pronounce it with a French accent.

Me too.

So do you have a French background?

It might well be. I don't have a fucking clue. My father's side as far back as I know were all born and raised in Cornwall. Cornwall is an interesting place because it's right on the coast. There was a lot of trade with the French, Africa, and Spain making for a nice mix of cultures.

You've lived in London for a while now. Was there a Cornwall music scene that interested you?

No, we had to pretty much make our own scene. We just made music we like and play it to each other at peoples houses.

I saw a Polaroid commercial the other day with a backing score very similar to the track, "Hip-Along-Hop" you did with BJ Cole.

Yeah, I've heard about it, but I haven't seen it. I'll have to ask Astralwerks about that. If someone uses an existing track of mine I don't get any money. Rather, it's the record label and publishing company who make the profits. If I'm asked to make an original composition then I can make a shit load of money. But that's never happened to me.

What can we expect from you in the future?

I'll do another album with BJ Cole. My next record by myself will probably be an acidic analogue type endeavor. It will have a lot of tracks Ninja Tune didn't put on this record, *Musipal*. I've been doing those types of tracks for the past few years on a good 303. I've got enough for 10 albums, but I'll just release one good one.

Any last words for the people who missed you tonight due to lame excuses?

Shame. It's a shame they couldn't be here.

Indeed. *

le (sugar
refinery)
1115 grandville
5pm-3am
(F29) Jp.carc
desigins inc.
(S30) aeroplan
social club
(S01) sunday
night jazz
(T03) parallel
jazz series every
tuesday
(W04) myksi
(T05) international
falls
(F06) every friday
in july
the golden wedding
band (formerly
the molest c's)
sort of
(S07) frog eyes
victoria based
mayhem
genius
(W11) elisa roses
depeche mode
tribute night
(T12) from east
gentleman reg
with
a northern
chorus
(S14) Bossanova
w/capozzi part
+ selena harrington
(S16) unrefined
spoken word
hip hop evening
(W18) colin master
king jupiter jazz
(T19) battery opera
w/craig norton
(S21) motion
sound track
w/brunale fly
(W15) springer
+ ducommon
(jazz)
(S28) the radio
vegetarian
cuisine
fully licensed
[signature]

WHAT IS MUTEK?

"Music, Sound, and New Technologies."

Mutek is all about the cross between minimal techno artists, electro-acoustic, ambient music, and academic computer musicians. Mutek pushes artists that are picking up on the fertile musical no-person's land between the post-new music lover and the armchair academic, the dancefloor and the bong. Mutek is about exploring the relation between music, technology, and visual composition, with many artists featuring video-visual work as a part of their performance. Mutek is also distinctly Canadian as the North American answer to Spain's Sonar festival in Barcelona. Held in Montreal for the second year running and spearheaded by Alain Mongeau of the Ex-Centris Cinema and New Media Complex, Mutek featured over 35 artists from 8 different countries for an exhaustive 5 nights. Each night featured a free "icing a septi" (happy hour, 5-7) at the SAT (Société des Arts Technologiques), which is one massive gallery-concourse in downtown Montreal. The later shows were first held at the postmodern ultra-cool Ex-Centrisfilm building, and then the weekend shows were at the SAT, fea-

coffee, a red-headed girl with braces approaches me for a djarum. People walk around here with cigs hanging out of their mouths 24/7. And everyone drifts everywhere. You could get a liquor license for a garbage can. Why can't BC be like this? Why are we such FUCKING PURITANS? The 5-7 features local Montreal artists. An interesting lot, but rather undeveloped in their sound. Julien Roy is good with his laptop beats, Vrac attacks with a noise set, and Rodeo In Reno get dromed and stoned over a heavy analogue set-up. The Ex-Centris show delivers. Montreal's AELab smoothes out into ambient and beats, but it is California's Matmos that steal the night with an incredible live show, playing a rat cage with a violin bow and sampling a liposuction tube for "California Rhinoplasty." The German group Rechenzentrum auf the tempo with a fantastic off-kilter and dark techno set and well-mixed off the cuff visuals. Back at the SAT, we catch Mike Shannon cutting perfectly smooth on three decks, and then Villalobos and Dandy Jack drop a Playhouse sounding live set of hard, minimal house. After about an hour and a



tureing 6-speaker surround sound. The final Sunday performance was sold out with 800 plus. More info and audio archives: <http://www.mutek.ca>

THE MUTATED DIARY OF TOBIAS

29th. 11:00 pm. Arrive at Dorval. Pukey mid-'70s architecture greets me. I take a cab to the McGill dorms downtown. The cab driver thinks he is Jacques Villeneuve. Montreal flashes by in the night. I arrive, smoke even though I don't smoke, prepare for the arrival of DISCORDER agents Paul and Tanya, and tomorrow's festivities. I am in a Presbyterian dorm and I feel like a heretic spy.

30th. Anarchist graffiti adorns around McGill posters, slogans. I prepare for the first Happy Hour. This is a big deal: no Gore-Tex here. Everyone is sick. People wear a scarf to take a shit. Vancouver's Ben Neville has snagged a live slot as Ricardo Villalobos and Dandy Jack are held up at the border. He astounds everyone with his inventive and LIVE laptop set, performing with software he wrote himself and a programmed air-MIDI joystick. Finally the Chilean-Germans take over; Villalobos looks and rocks like a superstar. On to Ex-Centris. Everyone sits down the floor in the seat-less theatre. Martin Tetreault and I&U output bass and crackles, and Goem quickly assault all with a wall of sound that forces me to move away from the speakers. Mikael Stavovstrand is dubby and clikky but unremarkable. Montreal's Jétoine finishes the evening with a journey through classical ambient and sliced and diced beats in another on-the-fly live laptop set.

31st. Ben Neville and I head out for déjeuner at La Place Milton. Ben says he needs to eat 30% more because he is bigger. Later, having

half, Villalobos takes over on the decks. Not only is he a mixing producer, he can DJ like a mindfucker! Smooth and hard, mixing in '80s classics like Thomas Dolby, Nitzer Ebb, and Technomic. We dance until 3am, then head back to the dorms, dead tired.

01st. Burnout. We are wandering, eyes wide, feet barely supporting bodies. Outside the SAT, the nightlife of St. Catherine's takes over, five the intensity of Robson Street. I hear the music and the French language all mixed together in a wet ensemble. Earlier at the 5-7, Kapotte Muziek (the alter-ego of Goem) presented a live found-sound, contact-mic performance by a workshop of festival goers. That brings us to now to Process, whose mindbending visuals and intricate minimal ambient music complement the repetitive, Terry Riley-esque set by Philippe Cam (France). Gustavo Lamas (Argentina) moves into beats 'n' washes, and Germany's DJ Triple R plays a straightforward, muted set of dub techno. But the real surprise was Montreal's Akufen, who simply rocked the place with hard, cutting beats and well-thought out programming. We walk back in drenching rain, soaking ourselves to the skin.

02nd. I awake feverish and sick. Barely conscious at the 5-7, Montreal's Mitchell Akiyama and Toronto's Tomsu Jirku play two solid minimal techno sets for their Substracit launch. At the main event, Dettinger, two 20 minute set means I only catch the last few textured minutes of beautiful soundscape. The rest of the night was forgettable. Germany's Kompakt label crew of Jonas Bering and Closer Music leave a lot to be desired. Closer play whole tracks at 110bpm, very basic crisp minimal house, and people start to leave. DJ Tobias Thomas is plain boring: play the whole track, mix for 10 seconds, put the flanger on, repeat. We leave early, psyched for tomorrow.

(by Tobias V)

MR. SLY'S SEQUENCE OF EVENTS

03rd. On my God, it's been almost five days. My bones and muscles are tired. But I awake early with my companions to attend the "Mutek Brunch." We arrive to a throng of stars standing in the stairwell of a Plateau Royal bohemian pad. We eat bagels with Matmos and Herbert and Mitchell Akiyama and Goem, then go for a wet walk along the waterfront. Must sleep before show. The 5-7 brings Toronto's Dumb Unit label. Jeremy B. Caulfield, aka Lotus, opens with a DJ set, followed by Matt (Attitude) and Mark Thibideau, finishing off with Jacob Fairley playing and singing sans shirt. The final event of the festival kicked off with the UK's Mathew Herbert, accompanied by vocalist Dani Sicilano and Phil Parnel on piano. Herbert sampled live various sound sources, including destroying a Gerri Halliwell CD, breaking glass bottles, and for the final encore, the audience going, "aaah." Fairly mellow, brilliantly executed the top of my head things. Anticipation has got the better of me: Thomas Brinkmann. He had a multitude of gear: two turntables, two pitch-controllable CD players, isolator, two EFX units, drum machine, sequencer, and a sampler. My head and the crowd quit. Clicks. Layers and layers of clicks: vertigo. He remixes his recent release, "Klick," produced with the use of rhythmic patterns cut into the rumour grooves of records. Bass feedback. It's good to hear mistakes in the almost too perfect world of digital music. I'm

spent. There's no way I can stay on for the DJ-machine Villalobos, providing even more music for the throngs of chin stroking microsnobs (a term of endearment). I head to the airport fully satisfied. (by Paul Sly)

MATMOS: SURGICAL BEATS

Imagine this: a theatre packed to the gills. Matmos up front, a giant film screen behind them. A hash descends upon the black-jacketed masses as MC Schmidt runs a metal rod over his skin, picking up "chi" electrical impulses that produce loud electrical zing sounds. Drew Daniel mixes it in live with beats to form "Ur Tchaun Tun Tse Qs," an experimental house track from their new album, A Chance To Cut Is A Chance To Cure. Meanwhile, microsound artist Richard Chartier films the action close-up, blowing up Schmidt's skin to sickening proportions on the screen. Then the rat cage: a contact mic is attached, and the sounds are beautiful plucks and vibrations. With bravado, Schmidt pulls out a violin bow and the souls of dead rats wail from the metal bars. Matmos are serious looking. Everyone is standing to get a good look, nodding to each other with shy grins. Like Herber, the performance is marred by technical problems, but they work through it and the "live" aspect, somewhat of a novelty for "electronic music" heightens the experience. I talked to Matmos over the phone from NYC. Despite numerous phone problems and a lost sheet of questions on my part, Matmos politely continued to answer my belittled pestering.

I mentioned Lad 606's latest comment in DISCORDER bashing minimal techno as the "lowest common denominator" of electronic music. ("What about trance?!" I thought). Matmos responded along the lines of, "People in glass houses..." and we went on to discuss the state of minimal techno and IDM today.

Drew: Too often, with IDM production I hear nowadays, it's a plateau. There is no development, no movement. There aren't little themes or subplots. There's basically beats and noises for six minutes, then you're done. That sense of moving through the time of a song like you're moving through someone's house, going from one room to another, where there's some continuity and a personality there are all parts used for different things. I'm more interested in song shapes that have that kind of movement. Scott Heron's tracks I really like.

DISCORDER: On *A Chance To Cut Is A Chance To Cure*, all of the sounds are from various surgical apparatus, live surgeries, rat cages, acupuncture machines, certainly this is not minimal techno. Why surgery?

Drew: It's personal. My father and stepmother are both plastic surgeons. So there's an element of speaking with something that has been around me my whole life, but exploring it through music, trying to turn it into sound, which is something that I can control and use. There's something aggressive in it, a cartoon version of what your parents do for a living.

Are you fans of David Cronenberg?

Drew: I am, Martin is not.

Martin: [Distant] He's a hack!

Drew: I really like *Crash* and *Videochrome*. I was really annoyed with the adaptation of *Naked Lunch*, because of the way he handled Burrough's sexuality; it seemed really confused to me.

we're both from an academic context but I don't think we're wearing that hat when we're making Matmos tracks. But often we are wearing that hat when we are explaining Matmos tracks. There is a methodology, a working approach, and the theory is something that I can go into, but I don't like to do it for the listener because it seems to look like special pleading, like you are forcing your art to mean certain things. And it often looks like something is supposed to be some sort of crux or justification for the work, and I don't like that relationship. I guess the theory for us goes into the discussion of what the liner notes will be. We're making decisions about how much information people will need, and how that information will change what they hear. But there isn't an explicit position that we're taking.

Do you see yourself as a part of a tradition of artists, who are taking up the body as a site of art, a site of protest?

Drew: Yeah, and for me, a lot of the art I find interesting is the extreme body-art of the '70s. People like Gina Paine, or the Vienna Actionists, test social limits of what is acceptable, and the property of the body, ownership of the body with what they did to themselves and also to the nation of the institutions of which the art is consumed, by bringing very personal and intimate bodily experiences and events into a gallery museum. I think our milieu is quite different from theirs in that we make records that are portable, that aren't tied to any particular institutional space. We aren't insisting on our bodies in the ways that pop stars do. Pop star product is in a weird way closer to '70s perfor-

Jirka and Montreal's Mitchell Akiyama at the forefront. I had a chance to discuss Technotronic, minimalism and raving with Jirka over email.

DISCORDER: First, your obsession with Technotronic. Any story behind it?

[DISCORDER point-of-view: when Jirka played live in Vancouver, he remixed several Technotronic classics]

Tomas: I've recently been able to appreciate that kind of techno again since contemporary techno has become so devoid of melody and vocals. My early musical tastes were shaped by groups like The Shamen, Technotronic, 808 State, etc. So when I throw some remixes of my favourite old techno tracks into my live sets, it's nostalgic for me and anyone in the audience with a similar appreciation.

A maddening question, but: What gear/software do you use? Especially with the Variations CD on Alien8. Some of the sounds (especially their processing) are extremely haunting.

I will only say that my production is done entirely on PC. Source samples from my recent productions have mostly been culled from my favourite funk and pop tunes, and then processed to such an extreme degree that the original is indiscernible.

What would you say if someone called your music "minimal techno"? Are you a "techno" producer?

I wouldn't object, it's a healthy genre to be associated with. But when I'm producing I have "house" on my mind rather than "techno." I like to keep things a little bit more funky than techno usually allows.



Matthew Herbert

Mike Shannon

Matmos

Thomas Brinkman

Photograph by Tanya Goshling

What about Dead Ringers?

Drew: I haven't seen it, Martin has, and he regards it as a very sexist film.

Martin: HAAAATED it!

Drew: I think there are a lot of people using the sort of fetishism of medical technology as scary in very simplistic ways—look at Marilyn Manson's work. I think it's just kind of cheap. People are already afraid of medicine, so you aren't really doing anything transformative or interesting by making art that says, "Wow! Medicine is scary." For us, the challenge was to use [medical] material but to make it move in other directions.

At this point, I pick up on the fact that incessant sirens have been going off for the duration of the interview. I wonder: are they playing samples? Or is this just another day in NYC, as Daniel claims? I try to chuckle, and Daniel says, "You can remix us, and make us say interesting things." So I did. THE SIRENS INCREASED. THINGS GOT LOUDER. They tried to end the interview, then all of a sudden, the sirens stopped. Then, we got into Herbert and his new album.

Drew: We gave Herbert the sound of Martin's jugular vein for his new album because it has this bodily theme, and I'm working on a remix of "the audience" right now. He's a very good friend at this point. Martin and I were big fans of his work as De Rockitt.

Now I began thinking: Herbert has his new musical Dogme-style manifesto, stating that, like the film manifesto, all sounds must be original, live, etc. So I opened it up to theory.

I am curious: you guys are very articulate about all this, is there some sort of theory behind the body focus?

Drew: There was no theory before the record was made. But I am a graduate student. I studied Philosophy, and now I am getting my PhD in Renaissance Literature. Martin works at the San Francisco Art Institute in their Performance and Conceptual Art Department. So

manice art as it insists on Jennifer Lopez's breasts, and on her body and on her face. The facelessness of our music, it's literal, with the picture of ourselves on the new record, our faces are concealed. We're using sound rather than image, that's the big cut-off, that we aren't relying on the experience of recognition you have when you see a performance of someone doing something extreme to their body. Instead, you are hearing it as sound and I think that changes it quite a bit how your imagination completes it.

Now, having seen the performance, I question this. MC Schmidt seems to be the submissive one, subjected to the various physical processes during their live, and very visual, performance at Mutk. His face and skin were blown up on the screen; and many recent publications have been running a photo of the duo with surgery marks on their faces. Contrary to the music, the visual aspect of Matmos is as enthralling. Despite their attempts to escape the visual element of the body, they have only ended up reinforcing it. How to listen to this album, then? Daniel says that the optimal listening condition is that of his father: he plays it in his operating room when he is operating. Daniel's father is a cosmetic surgeon.

Matmos: "We love your station."

(by Tobias V)

**TALKING TO TOMAS JIRKA:
HE'D NEVER EAT ICE CREAM AND
BOXER SHORTS TOGETHER**

Tomas Jirka's fame is growing like a rhizome as an internationally recognized minimal techno composer. Jirka combines dub elements with haunting rhythms to reconstruct a sound which, although it borrows from Cologne and San Francisco, is distinctly his own. Mutk saw the launch of Substractive, the new Alien8 offshoot focusing on electronic minimalism that features Toronto's

Would you call yourself a post-raver? What scene did you come out of, if any?

I have some raving in my past, but the whole drug culture turned me off. And though I've been exposed to lots of music, I've never really felt connected to any "scene." My tastes are too broad for me to narrow in on something.

What constitutes a "live" performance in the age of laptop artists?

If the person performing can take credit for the production of the music, then it's live to me. I don't need to be distracted by someone twiddling a whole bunch of knobs to be convinced that it's live, so as long as my ears are stimulated, I don't see a need for a multimedia/multisensory display. Though there seems to be a need/market for a DJ, I appreciate a live performance for the fact that you see the producer and that respect for the music is given where it's deserved. I've always felt that DJ culture directs a whole lot of unwarranted credit to people playing records.

Does your music attach itself to a certain sort of politics, or thinking/though?

I don't connect myself to philosophies or politics. I prefer to think of my music as an exhibition of my aesthetic ideals, and to attach myself to something would only constrain me. And while minimalism is a pleasant aesthetic, it appears to have saturated our culture to the point where it has lost all context and meaning.

Watch out for upcoming releases on Klang, Algorithm's Resolver, Trum, and the LP Immaterial on Substractive.

(by Tobias V)

**ARTICLE(S) BY TOBIAS V
AND PAUL SLY.**



mogwai

by heather termite
photos amy pelletier

There's more to Scotland than deep fried Mars bars, gloomy weather and the over-usage of the word "cunt." There just happens to be a thriving indie rock scene too, 'specially in a little place called Glasgow. I sat down with Stuart (Guitar), Barry (Guitar/Keyboards), John (guitar), and Martin (drums) of Mogwai (who happen to hail from Glasgow) and discussed some pertinent issues over some beers. A quick disclaimer to add: If you read this and think that these guys are assholes, lighten up, you fuck, they're just joking.

DISORDER: What differences do you find in audience reaction, between North America and the UK/Europe?

Stuart: Canada is definitely one of the better places to play. Some places in England, or in Scotland, people have a short attention span. And some places are really really good, like France was good, and Iceland, and Japan.

Vancouver has a reputation for having really unenthusiastic crowds, even if it's their favourite band.

Stuart: Yeah, that's what it was like, it was terrible the last time we were here.

People think they're too cool to dance.

Barry: It was a lot of hard cunts the last time we played here.

What are some of your most hated bands? Or Anti-influences?
Stuart: I'd say Mogwai are least influenced by the Rolling Stones. I'm sure that the Rolling Stones could never have existed. And ummm... Suede.

Barry: The Rolling Stones and Suede.

Barry: We don't particularly dislike them, but they certainly don't influence us at all.

What new music/art/film has recently inspired you?

Stuart: I really liked that film *Requiem For A Dream*. Fucking Brilliant. The new Autecore album is really good. The new Bard Pond album.

I read an interview where you said you were self-proclaimed "sportz goths."

Stuart: That was about a black tracksuit, quite simple really.

Does that mean that you gothicise?

Stuart: You mean walking up and down?

Exercising in a goth manner.

Barry: We don't exercise at all.

Stuart: That should be clear really!

Barry: That sounds like something I would say, for fuck's sake. Gothicise?!

What's the stupidest sub-genre, or genre you've found yourself being lumped into?

Stuart: Post-rock. Or I have to bring up a classic sn 86; I can't remember who said it but "The New Wave Of Teenage Bands."

Barry: For fuck's sake.

Stuart: Now, we are the new wave of bands in their mid-twenties.

John: We were the new wave of teenage bands!

What do you do to "celebrate life"?

Stuart: We don't really think of things in that kind of terms.

Barry: Too busy working.

Stuart: I don't know what we do, what do you do? [To John]

John: Drink.

Barry: Aye, we drink.

John: Pass the time.

What's the meanest thing you've ever done to an interviewer?

Stuart: Locked them in our room. I locked them in a dressing room with these three lassies in Canada. Stole their camera.

Barry: We gave them money.

Stuart: We had a guy, and made him eat a hundred garlic cloves.

Barry: We gave him a lot of money. Like 75 or a hundred pounds.

Stuart: So I'd say we were quite nice, it was meant to be a hundred, but he [points at Martin] never paid up.

Martin: Quite right. As well he deserved it. We did something else. Stuart: I started slamming that French photographer, and then the bastard TV crew that came.

Barry: They were dicks, they were so dicks!

Stuart: I gave them a small piece of my mind.

Barry: I heard that. I was fucking dying in the next room. It was hilarious.

Stuart: They wanted us to play music for this TV show, but we had only started rehearsing the day before and it was really, really early so we weren't going to do it. Then it just turned really bad, they had upset Aidan from Arab Strap, and that was like an insult to our society.

Barry: They also wanted serious answers as well. "Enough with the comedy!"

John: Fuck off.

Stuart: As soon as I started asking them questions, trying to make them explain themselves, his English wasn't too good, so he started, I don't know, gyrating. I really really got him back. I did. Glasgow has a reputation as being a rough town.

Barry: Mostly?

The kind of music that comes out of there tends to be low on the aggression scale; you guys fit into that.

Barry: You've never heard Belle and Sebastian?

John: They're pretty high up there.

Stuart: That guy Stuart stabbed me once. He was fucking chasing me, chasing me in his Boy Scout uniform.

John: Shut up!

Barry: Smart cunt.

Would you say that's a refusal of the whole "lad" crowd, that think they're tough?

Stuart: It's just totally different, I think that a lot of the bands from Glasgow are much more, in fact, much less animistic, than less evil. It's not like the bands from Manchester, it's not really a reflection of what's actually going on outside. It's more of a reflection of what's going on in two pubs. If you went into a Housing Scheme and asked the average person who Belle and Sebastian or the Delgados were, they wouldn't know. It's more underground.

In playing the "Fuck The Curfew" song [in retaliation to the Lanarkshire council's youth curfew] and with the change of venue in Dublin to avoid crossing the picket line of Guinness strikers, have you found yourselves being stigmatized as a "political band"?

Stuart: No, I think that the curfew thing was probably a one-off because, for me it was just common sense. It was just ridiculous. We don't have any particular political agendas, apart from attempting to overthrow the monarchy, and to introduce communism. And to make sure that women don't go anywhere. Make sure.

There seems to be a medieval tinge to the new album. Does that mean that you guys are, like, Rush fans?

Barry: Rush? No! No!

Stuart: I've never heard Rush.

Barry: I've heard them once and I was appalled, I know the guy sings really high sometimes, and they've got a good drummer?

Stuart: I've never heard them.

You're missing out. Rush fans in Canada seem to be mostly pimply faced seventeen-year-old boys that sit in their bedrooms listening to Rush and masturbating.

Stuart: I used to be a pimply faced seventeen year old boy that did a lot of masturbating, but Rush wasn't involved.*



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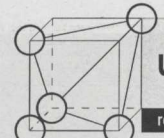
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V/A
75 Ark Takes You To The Bridge
75 Ark

You take the good, you take the bad, you take 'em both and there you have them... 75 Ark. This limited edition sampler features the finest this bi-coastal "alternative" hip hop label has to offer. *Deltron 3030* starts things off with "Things You Can Do." Also worth mentioning are songs provided by *Preserve*, *Encore* (from *Handsome Boy Modeling School*) and *Brainin' Nextmen*. If you can get past the name, *Mista Sinista* proves to be an outstanding turntableist, contributing arguably the best track on this compilation. Finishing off are the always enjoyable *Anti-Pop Consortium*, bringing back that jazzy lo-fi style reminiscent of *Jagged Planets*. The tracks that fall short on this album incorporate that annoying off-tempo rhyming style with hot, money, and clothes, themes that should have been dead a long time ago. *Takes You To The Bridge* leaves me asking one question. If this sampler is supposed to be representative of the underground hip-hop scene, where are all the female MC's?

Heather Ternte

MUMIA ABU-JAMAL AND
MIS THE BASTARD
(Alternative Tentacle)

Long live Mumia Abu-Jamal... Jello Biafra delivers on his outspoken promises to resist corporate control in all its forms, especially (and in this case) cops and corruption. So it looks like Biafra is taking the plunge by producing some of the last commentaries we may hear from Mumia in a long time. Mumia has recently been subjected to a prison-wide gag order in Philadelphia—inmates can no longer speak to the press. Do I even need to say more about this? Although I get a bit weirded out listening to the black power pantheon exhortations of this CD—I am a whitey, and Assata Shakur's praises that place Mumia proudly alongside Malcolm X make me feel a bit out of the loop—I fully support its message, and most importantly, Mumia's continued questioning which, in my mind, follows and enlarges upon a critique begun by Marx and continued by Chomsky, Anger, Davis, and Biafra in North America. Also on this CD is the devil himself, Bob Dole, who cries out tears of blood that political money was used to finance Mumia's NPR commentaries (most of which are now locked away, never to be heard, somewhere in the vaults). Bob Dole is everything Mumia isn't. Need I say more? The music on this CD

by Man is the Bastard will no doubt satisfy the hardcore/punk lover, and although the lyrics are great, I can barely hear them through the serious grunting action and wall of guitars. Personally my favourite moment is a hip-hop/revolutionary music is hip-hop, techno, and folk, but whatever works, especially when their heart is in the right place. May Mumia's voice rise above the shit that governs both North American countries.

lobias v

AIR
10,000 Hz Legend
(Astralwerks/Source)

So you go home to your parent's house, and in the basement you find a dusty old box of records. You start flipping through them and sandwiched between the Nana Mouskouri and Shorty Rogers's *Chances Are* it swings you find mint copies of *Fleetwood Mac*, *The Steve Miller Band*, and *Serge Gainsbourg*. You so strol them and take them home for your very own DJ set. You throw on some *Fleetwood Mac* and start jamming on it. Then you move on to the new *Autecube album*, and then you jam some *Serge* and feel measure. But then you hear your fucked roommate comes in and puts on *Beck's* So you take that off and throw on some *Jeans Team*, and then finish things off with "The Joker".... Yeah, that's what the new *Air* album is like.

Heather Ternte

BIG IN JAPAN
Destroy The New Rock
(Honest Don's)

This trio from Reno, Nevada waves power-pop well on their debut disc, with shades of Britpunk (a la 99 or Buzzcocks) donned when needed. Sharp guitar sounds dominate with big hooks (like the opener "Dig That Stupid Sound") and they slow it down without getting sappy ("For That Special Someone Else"). If you're tired of the cookie-cutter dribble passed off for pop-punk, destroy the new rock and check out this combo.

Bryce Dunn

CHRIS CLARK
Clarence Park
(Warp)

If you don't have enough mutated breakbeats and off-key synth tones in your diet, chew on this CD. Always a step up, the classic Warp-ed sound gets another twist with incredible harmonic analysis and computer-edited effects maelstrom. Moving from dark and angry ("The Dogs") to ambience ("Oaklands") and a plain weird

cheesiness ("Lord Of The Dance") complete with Irish sounding flute-pipe sounds that are perverted into a car-crash-er break, Chris Clark constructs a universe of freaks. If you are all over *Plaid* or *Squarepusher's* latest offerings, you will dig this—if you aren't, you're only going to find more of the same refined into a catatonic listening experience. As much as I like Warp, it wasn't until I heard "diesel rain" that I was hooked into a second listen. Clark takes the breaks and plays with a bit of melody and muted riffs, eschewing schizobreak madness and abrasive textures for intrigue and suspense that conjures emotion (imagine that). Warp on.

lobias v

DIOTANG
The Bright Side
(Mint)

This album is frustrating to listen to for the following reasons. 1. The vocals are a bit too loud in the mix, drowning out the music, and they are kind of annoying. 2. When you really listen to the lyrics you realize that they are not as good as you would hope. 3. Lyndsay says that it sounds like all their other stuff (bouncy retro indie pop) and she's right. 4. Retro can never really be that good cause it's all been done before. 5. All the bass lines sound like B's. They market themselves as a two piece (bass and drums) but all the songs have keyboard or horn over dubs, and the really unfortunate thing is that the keyboards and horns are what make the songs. So, like eating hot dogs in Wonderland, but the Bright Side is good as long as you never ever start putting too much thought into it.

Li Richard

MARK EITZEL
The Invisible Man
(Matador)

I can barely listen to this record. There are so many shittiest songs, sounds that are so foreign that they have no names. Eitzel calls them "keyboard programs." I don't know how to describe them to you. You'll have to come over. I'll play it for you, we'll listen to it and I'll say, "Heor that? That part? That sounds like poo."

The Invisible Man was mixed by Alex Oropeza and Christopher Davidson, a couple of jerks who don't know when enough is enough. They don't even know Eitzel's love of violence alone. The production is just garbage. The songs are strange, maybe not as strange as the lyrics, but they are so covered I

can't tell if they're strange in a good way. The credits say, "Blame Eitzel for everything here," "Eitzel—the rest of the mess," "Eitzel edits and adds the stupid burp," "Eitzel stars at a screen." This is when we're supposed to offer reassurance. [Silence]

I have to go now.
Christa Min

EUPHORIA
Beautiful My Child
(Six Degrees Records)

My problem with the Six Degrees label is that while they put out a large amount of good stuff, they haven't put out anything really great. Recent releases, a couple in the Latin vein, have failed to genuinely interest me, despite being, for the most part, well conceived. *Euphoria*, featuring Kenny Ramchandani, put out an album in 1999 and now returns with "Beautiful My Child," a 12 track exploration into a sound categorized (by the label anyhow) as "guitronica." The claim to fame of Mr. Ramchandani is apparently his use of the slide guitar in his atmospheric works. Also involved in this project are William Orbit, Garry Hughes, B.J. Cole, and Madonna's drummer Steve Sidelnyk (that's what the notes say). The pieces are lush and textured, but references, as per the biographical release, to Pink Floyd, *Fairport Convention*, *Pentangle*, *John Barry*, and *Baroque Dream* just don't pan out. There are no musical references to "early 1970s psychedelia" either, despite the ample use of pedals. A closer approximation would be a sound similar to that of *Morcheeba* or the *Supersub* *Belags of Leisure*.

James Brown

HANGED UP
(Constellation)
BUCK 65
Man Overboard
(Anticon)

When a new record label really makes waves, it's often because it releases every record like it could be the last. This may be made material in iconoclastic musical content, imaginative packaging or the simple fact that the owners really might not be able to afford to put out another record. At such a moment it can be genuinely exhilarating to ponder what they might unleash upon the world next, if the finances allow for it.

Once such a label's initial impact on music fans has come back to it in the shape of (ahem) "the Benjamins," it will find itself poised to move in either one of two directions. Kid 606's Tigerbeats label is currently at this parting of the ways and it will be interesting to see which path the kiddie cat decides to prod upon.

The first option is this. After the company starts to achieve a modicum of success its releases start to come more frequently

and seem less definitive. After a while it becomes hard to keep up with—let alone get excited about—them.

Such is the case with Montreal's Constellation label. In the aftermath of *Godspeed You Black Emperor's* apocalyptic appearance on the scene, the Quebec collective seemed like a hive of creativity and commitment. Sadly, that impression has been lessened by countless releases of varying quality, each having more or less to do with the imprint's flagship act.

The latest Constellation album comes from *Hanged Up*, an instrumental duo peddling an unconventional combination of drums and viola. Their self-titled debut certainly sounds like a schizoid element of *Dirty Three* and *Einstürzende Neubauten*. But it doesn't feel exciting or important. After repeated listens, one is left with the impression that this record exists—because elements of it are not because it *has* tag. It is the product of a clique enjoying its success by resting on its laurels.

In contrast, San Francisco-based underground hip-hop label Anticon has used its recent increase in success to keep pushing the envelope and provoking responses. *Man Overboard* by Halifax's BUCK 65 is just one drop in the label's increasingly torrential outpouring of claustrophobic, literate and intentional "post-rap" (their term, not mine). Made soon after the death of the artist's mother, it's an expressionistic odyssey that delves into bereavement, heartache, paranoia, humour and the true meaning of hip-hop. What's

most remarkable is that *Man Overboard* is pretty typical of Anticon's output. Most everything the label releases is steeped in the kind of need that you just can't fake: it is the kind of music that can only be made by people who have found true sustenance and redemption in their chosen form. It may not be real hip hop but, in these ironized souls, it's about as real as it can get.

Only Austrian abstract electronic label Mego can compete with Anticon in terms of uncensored commitment to sonic brinkmanship. Both companies are proof that success doesn't necessarily lead to mediocrity. The people at Constellation might be well advised to follow these examples. Then again, if their hearts just aren't in it any more, it could already be too late.

Sam Macklin

ISOOTOPIA
Exhibit
(Isomaat)

Canadians do good on this album. Yes, it's post-rock/electronic in all its whiny-drearyness but it also has a real funk-out element to it. Witness "Renaissance of Space Tourism," which also says:

renaissance of funk, of subtle melody, in the post-everything genres! As the liner notes say: Subtlety, experimentation and raw, naive grooves are not quite dead in the world of music." And the whole meeting of worlds here—of Tortoise slowness and darkness, of rainy drones, of expansive soundscaping with a vocal trend and a backbone groove—are not quite like a peeper hiding behind your shutters, catching your late night perversions, an element of Vancouver. Most of the tracks were recorded in Vancouver after IsoTopia's main members Jamie Tate and Darly Askey relocated here in 1996. Along with Megan Wilson on bass and Graham Kay on drums, the group continues to offer a well-thought out yet sporadic alternative to their "I Don't Understand Rock 'n' Roll" sentiments—the title of their rare first EP. It's got jazz mood swings and an emotional balance sheet. Check it.

lobias v

DANKO JONES

I'm Alive And On Fire
(Released by his own bad self)

For those of you who missed it the first time around, I suspect that would be many, considering his recorded output to date is scarce), a collection of songs released between 1996-1999 just popped out the chute from the list-master known to some as The Mango Kid, but to others, you can just call him delicious. Boogie like back with a bluesy-(or gutsy?) edge, plenty of sass for yo' ass. Indead.

Bryce Dunn

THE MAN MADE BRAIN
Vapor-Based Fiction
(Altaira Records)

Au Pairs. Malaria. Delta 5. How does Man Made Brain fit with these bands? Chaos. Sure, it may not be the shameless New Wave chaos of horns and guitar solos, but instead is the new chaos of Something Wave, that's for sure. Man Made Brain is a four-piece whose noisy rock expansions will be a welcome addition to your life. Somehow spawned from Man...Or Astronaut?, the Man Made Brain knows how to turn on the spazz-chem for all to see. There's guitar wanking, electro-tweaking, and good old-fashioned screaming to set you straight. Don't mistake this band for anything other than quality.

Julie C

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reviews continued...

VIA
Morricone RMX
 (Classmate Records)
 Morricone fans take note! Although at the time of my writing this, "Morricone RMX" has not made it to retail stores yet, take heed. This one will go like hotcakes! Featuring artists such as Apollo 4000, The Four, Theivery Corporation, Bigga Bush, Terranova, and others doing very competent reworkings of Ennio Morricone's classic soundtrack material, this will rank as one of the all-time best Morricone covers albums ever (the tracks are not remixes as the title might suggest). In fact, this is the only release ever officially sanctioned by the man himself involving covers by pop artists. Add John Zorn's recently re-released *The Big Gundown* to your Morricone collection, with additional tracks including a gem of a version of "The Ballad of Hank McCain," and you'll be in soundtrack heaven.

James Brown

THE SADIES
Tremendous Efforts
 (Bloodshot Records)
 Imagine yourself in a smoky, dimly-lit bar in the deepest south. In the corner, by the bathtubs, is a mechanical bull getting a full workout by the rowdy locals. At the end of the bar is a small stage surrounded by chicken wire, where a quartet of half-dead-looking musicians are cranking out down-home country music which seems to be pleasing the drunken crowd. Normally, if the locals don't like the band,

beer bottles and chicken wire meet, just like in the *Blues Brothers* movie. But not tonight. The lanky and surly guitarist who shares vocal duties has a cigarette dangling out of his mouth and looks like he could take any of the rednecks if he need arise.

That's Dallas Good. His band, The Sadies have been playing their trade of making music for rednecks for the last four years. The Toronto-based country blues foursome is made up of members from such legendary bands as Half Japanese and such dependable Canadian outfits like Jale, The Good Brothers and Phleg Cramp. They have had the pleasure of touring as the backing band for Toronto's blues bad boy, Andre Williams, had the honour of appearing on *Blue Rodeo's* most recent album and even had the notoriety of being Neko Case's band, the Boyfriends, during her 2000 North American tour for her sophomore smash, *Furnace Room Lullaby*.

The Sadies prove that good things come in threes. This album builds on the hearty cow-punk framework laid out in their 1998 debut, *Precious Moments*, and their 1999 sophomore release, *Pure Diamond Gold*. The band solidifies that solid rock 'n' roll reputation by cranking out a mix of some of the finest southern-fried roots rock, blues and garage punk to come out of quite a while. *Tremendous Efforts* sports a tidy, if uneven, split of omnibus country instrumentals, foot stomping sing-alongs and hurtin' ballads.

It would be understandable if one were torn between deciding whether the instrumentals — on which the Sadies are at their absolute best in years — such as the moody opening track "Pass the Chutney" and the spooky "The Creepy Butler," should be the soundtrack for that evening of drowning one's sorrows after the wifely left and took the dog, or that creepy hitch movie, *Deliverance*.

Fill out the guest musician line-up with the members of Blue Rodeo, yes all of them, and four extra Good family members, and it makes for a lush back-country sound. One that is best suited for a weekend of shootin' critters in Big Sky Country with the drinking buddies than languishing away in that dim and smoky bar.

Spike

THE SUMMERLAND
Distance Will Be Swept Up
 (Catch and Release/Sloth)
 As ashamed as I am to admit it, I am from Calgary. Being from Calgary, I know first hand that there is very little to remark about the place. It isn't just coincidence that you never really hear about anything that is going on there. Keeping this in mind, I was excited to hear about *The Summerland* 'cause, as stated on the CD cover, "The Summerland features frontman P7, formerly of irrelevant band *The Primords*." Obviously the dudes who put out this record understand that P7 is one of the few good things that has remained in Calgary. So I listened to the CD. I was expecting the edginess of The

Primords but didn't get it. So I listened to it again. *Monoculture*, their awful *Stanford Prison Experiment* style emo-alt-rock song was what stuck in my head after round two. Fortunately, round three revealed that the rest of the album sounds nothing like *Monoculture* and was actually really good—a bit more polished than The Primords but still quirky angular rock songs based around monophonic guitar lines, with the two nice mid-low drone ones at the end. The moral? Like Rocky Balboa, this album gets its ass kicked hard in the early rounds but comes back to conquer Communism and restore the American Dream. Amore!

Lil Richard

TWILIGHT CIRCUS DUB SOUND SYSTEM
Volcanic Dub
 (M Records)

Dub is musical molasses. No matter how you twist it, it's always molasses. But every once in a while someone comes along who turns the molasses into candy-coated apples or sticky ammunition for an assault rifle. Shot with bonbons, that's what I would say. Vancouver's Ryan Moore is back, shooting at us with a special note here: "Dub Quake." The synth takes on a peculiar quality here—a bit distant—and a steady, deep 4/4 can be heard a bit far off. The percussion slides around with the drum hits. In fact, if I didn't know better, I would say that this is Moore's subtle remix of a Mauricez record. His past interviews have attested to his love

for the Germans, and his records are pressed at Basic Channel. In any case, Moore pushes dub forward another notch by re-integrating the experimental and minimalist directions that various dub purveyors have taken back into a live-drum classic approach. The level of production on this record is truly incredible—the secret echo boxes get a workout here, panning and moving sounds beyond a simple delay or echo into complex reverberations. "Dub Blast" rocks the percussion, but stays away from a repetition of sounds, staying linear—this is the major difference between what Moore is doing and other contemporary dub artists, such as Kit Clayton. While Clayton deconstructs dub into repetition and elementary particles, Moore takes those particles and reassembles them, constructs them into new totems of dub history. You can hear this directly in "Flexi"—here and there a reversed high-hat, and a squelching synth, but never a straight sequence. Volcanic picks up on this pace, moving forward with squelches and scratches and a tempo that could be mixed into a house record. Then everything drops down into "Fams," the last track, at a slow roll dub pace, whose background wailing guitar screams the soul.

lobias v

LUCINDA WILLIAMS
Essence
 (Lost Highway/Universal)
 Someone once said (well, I know who, but I don't feel much like explaining who he is

and I don't even know if this is what he actually said because I wasn't really paying attention) that people who like poetry also like pornography because both are very specific. They are looking for something particular, a description of a person's look or a picture of feet rubbing against someone's ass. Whatever it is—they might not even know until they find it—drives them mad. My friend Randal will not admit to liking poetry or pornography. He probably couldn't even choose which one was worse. But he only likes lyrics that are specific.

In "Essence" Lucinda Williams sings "I am waiting here for more." More what? More ass-slapping? More ice cream? What? The more vague a phrase is, the more cliché it becomes. These kinds of universal declarations seem to work okay in country music, but Essence sounds more popular than that. The songs are sometimes sleepy, sometimes loud, but never as crappy as that look-at-my-ass-sell-records kind of country.

But fuck it. Car Wheels is a thousand times better than this. You can ask Randal what he thinks (604.608.7125), but he doesn't care. He only likes the Mountain Goats.

Christina Nin

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Arap Strap, *Philophobia* or Smog, *Knock Knock*—either one would help dig me out of the depression of losing the rest of my collection.

Record that should burn in hell:

Any of Steve's picks off the "Zulu Staff Picks" wall!

Book that you would save in a fire:

The Collected Diaries Of Adrian Mole, by Sue Townsend. Life-affirming!

Worst band(s) that you like:

Take That; *N Sync; bis.

Last record you bought:

I buy in bulk. I anticipate buying the new White Stripes album.

First record you bought:

Weird Al Yankovic, *Greatest Hits*.

Musician you'd like to marry:

Jan St. Werner from Mouse On Mars, duh.

Favourite show on CiTR:

Hans Kloss' Misery Hour.

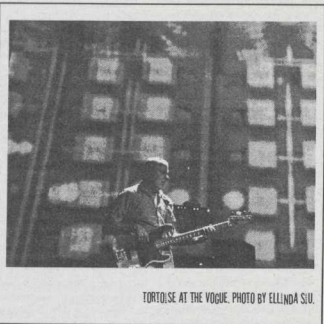
Strangest phone call ever received while on air:

I like it when bands get their friends to call in and request their music, not realizing that if the band's never actually brought the music to us, there's no way we can play it...*



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TORTOISE AT THE VOGUE. PHOTO BY ELLINDA SUI

TORTOISE
NOBUKAZU TAKEMURA
Friday, June 2
Vogue Theatre
I should probably name Tortoise's sound guy in the heading. I'm not cool enough to know what his name is, so I can only report that he started the evening off with an amazing John Cage type moment. Imagine this: a whole theatre full of kids anxious to see Tortoise. There's bad rock playing, and suddenly the lights dim. Nobukazu Takemura should take the stage. The sound system sounds like it's breaking down...yet it seems to be coordinated with the projections. No one is on stage. Yes, the sound system sounds like it's breaking down, but I come to the realization that it's part of the show. The audience reaction was so great: people cheering whenever it seemed like the sound was clearing up. They didn't realize what was going on. I thought it was Takemura (I rushed to buy the CD), but Vice President Jay (who didn't even attend the show) told me that it was Tortoise's sound guy. Then Takemura and his partner Aki Tsuyokio took the stage. They fiddled on some laptops, sat with perfect posture and looked ultra cool. The music was very soothing and electronic. At this point I still thought they were responsible for the wicked sound collage at the beginning, so I was extra impressed. My favourite part of their set was a rapping robot with a great square-mouth cartoon image. I was transfixed.

I was a little sleepy by the time Tortoise took the stage. The last time I saw them, I remember feeling very apathetic and leaning against a wall,

along with most of the other audience members. It helped that there were seats this time. My feeling is that Tortoise is best heard sitting down. I could be wrong, because there were a ton of people getting down to the funky Tortoise beat, even when there was no funky beat. There were hippie girls with drums hanging from their shoulders. It was that kind of night. What can I say? Tortoise played a lot of songs from TNT, which was pleasing. They were just bang on, the line between rehearsed and improvised was blurry. The fans weren't shy about letting the band know: people were shouting comments throughout. It was a little disconcerting, but everyone was too drunk on the sound of the xylophone and the seamlessness of the performance to get too distracted.

In short, we left the Vogue in a happy mood.
Doretta

NOFX
SWINGIN' UTTERS
RISE AGAINST
Wednesday, June 6
The Commodore
Night two of two for punk rock supergroup NOFX and their traveling menagerie. Any of these bands could come to town and headline a show with some 'local support. It'd be smiles all around, but who are we to complain? A great lineup: fresh from the kids in the barn on Commercial Drive and playing to the heavy-drinking mandatory coat check suckers. Things looked promising.

Rise Against started as we arrived. This band's album—on Fat Wreck Chords, natch—is the best thing I've heard this year. Live, they delivered, and more.

Featuring half of Chicago stalwarts, 88 Fingers Louie, on guitar and bass, Rise Against equals or betters the output of even that personal favouritism. Vocalist Tim Rostle's rooms the stage, on and off risers, stacks, drums, crowd barriers, staring bug-eyed as he sings. Fast punk seems moody metal. Not a note wasted. Awesome. Swingin' Utters is not a favourite. We sat back and watched the tip jar levels rise. The singer looked less interested in what he was growling than the patrons were in their drinking. The ironic part about Swingin' Utters is that they have one of the best punk singers with them on stage. Spike, the bass player, is also the crooning frontman of Me First and The Gimme Gimmes. Fat Mike's notorious punk cover band. Spike sings backup without a microphone. When he finally stepped up and sang a verse late in the set, it got the loudest cheer thus far.

I've never seen NOFX at a bar. They're getting older, but then aren't we all? They're all right with it. Low-key, funny as hell, more at ease with aging than most. And why not? NOFX's last couple albums have been as good as anything they've ever done. "The Decline" fucking blew me away. Of course they didn't play it. As this was night two, though, they played lots of songs I never thought they would. This band has come around longer than most might have believed. True, NOFX shows bring out the leering jug with little notion of the concept of punk rock—not to mention kids at the all-ages shows paying \$80 a pop to lugubrious scalpers—but they are, through it all, a fucking great band. With no plans to retire any soon, and new material stronger than ever, at least the dumb fucks are hearing some excellent music for a change.

Trevor Fielding

CALEXICO
THE KINGSBURY MANSX
Thursday, June 7
The Starfish Room
The air is crisp with anticipation. You stand at the side of a small group. You are distracted by all the shiny buttons set amidst plaid cotton shirts. A steady voice pushes out over the quiet buzz. You think you hear it saying, "I'm Joey. Me and my trusty companions will guide you safely across this treacherous frontier," now gesturing behind him with a wave

of his hand, "under the cover of night, over into the land of the free." The small group beside you steps eagerly forward and awaits further instruction. You hear twangy guitar sauntering in from a distance, stand-up bass pacing your march, double horns raising on end the quality of your inner ear, snare drum and slide guitar certainly designed to wash away your fears. You are swallowed by a wide desert of sounds extending off in every direction. The journey is a long one, extending well beyond "Minas de Cobre" pass. Your glance wanders past Juanita's sister's eyes, focussing at the anatomically impossible cacti in the distance. Each Corona stops you flat for \$5.50 (lime slice included). Are we there yet? No. There's still a great distance to travel under "The Black Light" of night. A few more tired steps and then the music suddenly stops and Joey disappears. The group of followers is dazed. Are we there yet? Joey reappears to warn that you are about to cross the "Crystal Frontier." The sweat is beading on your brow and a blue moon is glowing over head. Joey starts screeing eerie southern sounds. These sounds make you feel uneasy. Do they mean that capture is imminent? You look to notice that Joey seems far too happy for this to be true. Oh I see...these indescribable sounds are quick cries of joy. They mean that we've found our way, safety, to our destination: that frontier haven known as Calexico.

Remington Steele

DEATH CAB FOR CUTIE
BRIGHT EYES
MATES OF STATE
June 16
Showbox, Seattle

Seattle! City of fun times and cool summer moments! Me and a calvacade of children went down to this great city on a Saturday to catch Bright Eyes. I was also curious to hear Mates of State, even though I think their name sucks giant rotten eggs. I have a problem with names. I have a hard time going to a movie or seeing a band if I can't stand their name. Also I WILL NOT eat in a restaurant if I think the décor, even if every single one of my friends thinks it's the best restaurant ever. Okay dokey, I gotta say, the Showbox is a dreamy place for slow dancing, with the giant disco ball radiating a glittering galaxy of twinkling lights! Woulda been neat to be stoned. Hello? Hello? Oh yes, the music. Mates Of State were really good. They did this whole switch-off, girl-boy, good times emo voice thing while jamming on with all organ and live drums. Danceable heartbeat I call it, although the stinker couple are totally in love. Next up was Bright Eyes solo, what our crew went down to Seattle to see. Oh man. Oh boy. Holy:



CALEXICO AT THE STARFISH ROOM. PHOTO BY ANN GONCALVES

Wow. Connor Oberst sat nervously on the stage, acoustic guitar trembling beneath his arm, legs shaking and voice quivering. He was not nervous at first. He nobody's gonna say they hate the guy for screwing up a song or four.

I did not go down to Seattle to see Death Cab For Cutie. I EEEEEEV Death Cab For Cutie barf up your ass and poo it out!" said Christa. "They're totally boring, and they're not even cute!" said Amy. "More boring white boy indie rock... Nobody cares. Nobody listens." Said me. Snore. Yawn. They played a Björk cover. So what. I can play Björk covers too.

Lindsay S

TELEVISION
JOEL R. PHELPS!!! THE DOWNER TRIO
Thursday, June 21
Sky Church, Experience Music Project, Seattle
JOEL R. PHELPS!!! TELEVISION!!! LITTLE JOHNNY JEWELL BILL HERZOG! BILLY FICCA! HOPE'S HIT! MARQUEE MOON!!! RICHARD LLOYD! ROB MERCER! FRED SMITH! GET THE CHILLS! TOM VERLANE!!!

The guitars sounded like TRIKE LIKE TRAINS! AMAZING! ABSOLUTELY FUCKING AMAZING!

Christa Min

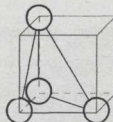
DJ SPOOKY
DJ DAD
Thursday, June 21
Sonar

I've always had a lot of respect for DJ Spooky. Mainly because he is willing to back up his experimental and sometimes self-indulgent DJ sets with an active and conversant mind. And to this end, I was not disappointed. The evening began with local rare groove guru DJ Dana D dropping some well-selected hip hop, down tempo and d'n'b including Squarepusher's new single, "My Red Hot Car." Spooky

finally arrived around 11:40 after a nappy in his hotel room, and after a quick interview with yours truly and Robert Robot for DISORDER, he headed on out and proceeded to mix together hip hop, breakbeats, and jungle with prodigious use of the EQ, including echoscratches, and feedback noise crescendos. The medium-sized but dedicated crowd got down and dirty to Spooky's crazed use of the mixer and solid selection of tracks.

The last time that I saw Spooky was at the SFU Harbour Centre three years ago, and back then I was blown down by his mixing, scratching abilities, and jungle with prodigious use of the EQ, including echoscratches, and feedback noise crescendos. The medium-sized but dedicated crowd got down and dirty to Spooky's crazed use of the mixer and solid selection of tracks.

to shows... enjoy yourself, or don't. either way, write them up for this magazine. yeh. it's called disorder. contact steve, the real live action guy, at sdsp@axion.net or call him at HOME at 922 3326



charts

what's being played at citr

July Long Vinyl

- | | | |
|-------------------------|-------------------------|----------------|
| 1 Duotang | The Bright Side | Mint |
| 2 I Am The World... | Out Of The Loop | Kindercore |
| 3 Jerk With A Bomb | The Old Noise | Scratch |
| 4 Ashley Park | The American Scene | Kindercore |
| 5 Freeworm | Vegetation=Fuel | Hydrophonik |
| 6 Canned Ham | Karazma | Independent |
| 7 Black Dice | Cold Hands | Troubleman |
| 8 Mouse on Mars | Idolgy | Thrill Jockey |
| 9 Hanged Up | S/T | Constellation |
| 10 Tricky Woo | Les Sables Magiques | Sonic Unyon |
| 11 Calexico | Even My Sure... | Quarterstick |
| 12 Mogwai | Rock Action | Matador |
| 13 Destroyer | Streethawk: A Seduction | Misra |
| 14 Fantastic Plastic... | Beautiful | Emperor Norton |
| 15 Vote Robot | In Meom NA | Scratch |
| 16 The Dirtmints | S/T | Sonic Unyon |
| 17 Rovo | Imago | Incidental |
| 18 Puffy Ami Yumi | Spike | Sony Japan |
| 19 Chris Clark | Clarence Park | Warp |
| 20 Air | 10,000hz Legend | Astralwerks |
| 21 Oval | Ovalcommers | Thrill Jockey |
| 22 Weezer | S/T | DGC |
| 23 V/A | Morricone RMX | Reprise |
| 24 Lucinda Williams | Island | Island |
| 25 The Beans | Crane Wars | Zum Media |
| 26 Mumia Abu-Jamal | 175 Progress Dr. | Alt. Tentacles |
| 27 Sucre 3 | Monstre | Alien8 |
| 28 Flashing Lights | Sweet Release | Outside |
| 29 The Icarus Line | Mono | Crank |
| 30 Frank Bretschneider | Curve | Mille Plateaux |
| 31 The Melic | S/T | Independent |
| 32 Falcons | Rebel Jukebox | Independent |
| 33 Fila Brazillia | Another Late Night | Kinetic |
| 34 Karl Denison | Dance Lesson #2 | Blue Note |
| 35 Nick Cave... | No More Shall We... | Reprise |

July Short Vinyl

- | | | |
|-------------------------|------------------------|---------------------|
| 1 The Pinkos | To My Valentine | Empty |
| 2 Gapers Delay | Pretty Song | Proshop |
| 3 Strunken White | Constant Collaboration | Rock School |
| 4 Andy Votel | Girl on a Go-ped | Twisted Nerve |
| 5 Sunset Valley | Parade on my Rain | Sea Level |
| 6 V/A | NBR | New Beat Recordings |
| 7 Wellwater Conspiracy | Of Dreams | TVT |
| 8 BS2000 | Buddy | Grand Royal |
| 9 Tijuana Bibles | Mexican Courage | Trophy |
| 10 The Kingsbury Manx | Been Passed Over | All City... |
| 11 BRMC | Screaming Gun | Virgin |
| 12 911 | Fallen | Scaredy cat |
| 13 Cecilia et ses amis | J'aime le popcom | Telstar |
| 14 The Automaticians | Audrey | Mental Monkey |
| 15 Red Monkey | Get Uncivilized | Troubleman... |
| 16 The Evaporators | Honk The Horn | Nardwuar |
| 17 New Town Animals | Lose That Girl | Mint |
| 18 The Teenie Cheethahs | Talking About You | Sumppi Wertheimer |
| 19 The Pattern | Feverish | GSL |
| 20 Lost Sounds | 1+1=Nothing | Empty |

Indie Home Jobs

- | | |
|--------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1 Xeroxed Brother | Fragmented |
| 2 Hummer | Latest Thing |
| 3 Vancouver's Shame | What's For Dinner? |
| 4 Half Hour Late | Folsom Prison Blues |
| 5 Solasis | Digworld |
| 6 Mark Berube | She Been |
| 7 Heavy Bevan | Restricted To Car Sex |
| 8 The Switch | Las Vegas Laser Child |
| 9 Six Block Radius | Kill To Hide |
| 10 Little Man Syndrome | Jealousy |
| 11 Pet Fairies | Boner 4 Betty |
| 12 Whole Damn Country | Belong |
| 13 Garnet Sweatshirt | American Woman |
| 14 Rheem Ruud Family | Pong Ping |
| 15 Victorian Park | I Just Wanna Beer |
| 16 Joel | Heartx50 Woman |
| 17 Les Jardiniers | Moon Patrol |
| 18 Heat Scores | Run Santa Run |
| 19 Mr. Plow | Rock Star |
| 20 Zero Percent Interest | Tuesday |

HOW THE CHARTS WORK

The monthly charts are compiled based on the number of times a CD/LP ("long vinyl"), 7" ("short vinyl"), or demo tape ("indie home jobs") on CiTR's playlist was played by our djs during the previous month (ie, "July" charts reflect airplay over June). Weekly charts can be received via e-mail. Send mail to "majordomo@unix.ubc.ca" with the command: "subscribe citr-charts".

CiTR's annual competition of live music!

SHINDIG

Shindig 2001
CALL FOR DEMOS
All musicians welcome!

Send in your minimum 2 song demo with contact info, ASAP to: Shindig! c/o CiTR
 #233 6138 SUB BLVD
 Vancouver, BC V6T 1Z1

Shindig kicks off in September at the Railway Club.
 Interested in sponsorship opportunities?
 call tobias at 822 1242

LOCAL MUSIC DIRECTORY!!

Our annual directory, chock full of contact numbers and addresses of bands and the businesses that support them, will be in the September issue of **DISCORDER**. The deadline for entries is August 1, 2001.

YOU ARE A (Check one):

- ☐ **BAND/MUSICIAN_PROMOTER**
☐ **RECORD/LABEL/DISTRIBUTOR**
☐ **LIVE MUSIC VENUE_MANAGER/AGENT**
☐ **STUDIO_ZINE_OTHER**
 (elaborate below)

NAME: _____
 DESCRIPTION (15 words or less) _____

CONTACT(S): _____
 ADDRESS: _____

PHONE: _____ FAX: _____
 EMAIL: _____

FILL THIS OUT AND MAIL/FAX IT TO US BEFORE AUGUST 1, 2001. #233-6138 SUB BLVD., Vancouver, BC V6T 1Z1 fax: 604 822 9364!



6:00PM International pop (Japanese, French, Swedish, British, US, etc.), '60s soundtracks and lounge. Book your jet set holiday now!

THE SHOW 10:00PM-12:00AM Strictly Hip-Hop — Strictly Underground — Strictly Vinyl. With your hosts Mr. Rumble, Seanski and I Swina

BROWNS 8:00-11:00AM
Your favourite brown-sters, James and Peter, offer a savoury blend of the familiar and exotic in a blend of aural delights. Tune in and enjoy each weekly brown plate special.

6:30PM
Movie reviews and criticism.
FILL-IN alt. 6:30-7:30PM

punk rock, baby! Gone from the charts but not from our hearts.

PROM QUEEN 3:30-4:30PM

Cf= conscious and funky • Ch= children's • Dc= dance/electronic • Ec= eclectic • Gi= goth/industrial • Hc= hardcore • Hh= hip hop
• Hk= Hans Kloss • Jz= jazz • Lm= live music • Lo= lounge • Mts= metal • No= noise • Nw= Nordwardw • Po= pop • Pu= punk • Re= reggae • Rr= rock • Rts= roots
• Sk= ska • So= soul • Sp= sports • Tk= talk • Wo= world

ELECTRIC AVENUES 3:30-4:30

Last Tuesday of each month.
THE MEAT-EATING VEGAN
 4:30-5:00PM

10:00 VOICES 5:00-6:00PM Poetry, spoken word, performances, etc.

FLEX YOUR HEAD 6:00-8:00PM Hardcore and punk rock since 1989.

ANNABOULOULA (formerly Radio Ellenkathiko) 8:00-9:00PM Greek radio.
www.angelfire.com/at/annaboulo

A WALK ABOUT THE WORLD 9:00-10:00PM

VENUS FLYTRAP'S LOVE DEN alt. 10:00PM-12:00AM
clavend@hotmail.com

SOULSONIC WANDERLUST alt. 10:00PM-12:00AM Phot clutter, slim choice.

AURAL TENTACLES 12:00-6:00AM Ambient, ethnic, funk, pop, dance, punk, electronic, and unusual rock.

WEDNESDAY

THE ELECTROLUX JAM BAND HOUR 6:00-7:00AM

THE SUBURBAN JUNGLE 7:00-9:00AM
 a you an entertaining r ic music of new and old music live from the Jungle Room with your irreverent hosts Jack Velvet and Nick The Greek. R&B, disco, techno, soundtracks, Americana, Latin jazz, news, and gossip. A real gem!

surburbangle@channel88.com
FOOL'S PARADISE 9:00-10:00AM Japanese music and folk.

THE NORTHERN WISH 10:00AM-12:00PM Spike spins Canadian tunes accompanied by spotlights on local artists.

ANOIZE 12:00-1:00PM Luke Martin invites and educates through musical deconstruction. Recommended for the strong.

THE SHAKE 1:00-2:00PM The monstee is my spirit animal. Me do la togo.

RADIO FREE PRESS 2:00-3:00PM Zines are dead! Live from the zine show! Black presents the underground press with articles from zines from around the world.

MOTORDADDY 3:00-5:00PM Eat, sleep, ride, listen to Motordaddy, repeat.

RACHEL'S SONG 5:00-6:00PM Socio-political, environmentally-activist news and spoken word with some music too. rachelssong@lycos.com

July 4: Vandana Shiva "Stolen Harvest." Depeche Mode ticket giveaway.

July 11: Water for People and Nature-Review.

July 18: Jeremy Rifkin-Genetic Engineering.

July 25: Area 1 Special. CD and ticket giveaways.

POP GOES THE WEASEL 6:30-7:30PM

AND SOMETIMES WHY alt. 7:30-9:00PM sleater-kinney, low, punk... these are a few of our fav-oh-writ things. (First Wednesday of every month.)

REPLICA RECTA alt. 7:30-9:00PM Indie, new wave, punk, noise, and other.

FOK OASIS 9:00-10:30PM Roots music for folkies and non-folkies... bluesgrass, singersons-worship, alt. country and more. Not a mirage!

4holkoasi@canada.com

STRAIGHT OUT JAILBUND-ING 10:30PM-12:00AM

Let DJs Jindwa and Bindwa immerse you in radioactive Bhuragra "Chakhi de phutay."
HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR
 12:00-3:00AM Mix of most depressing, unheard and unlistenable melodies, tunes and voices.

FIRST FLOOR SOUND SYSTEM
 3:00-6:30AM

THURSDAY

FILL-IN 6:30-8:00AM
END OF THE WORLD NEWS
 8:00-10:00AM

THE CUTE 'N' CUDDLY SHOW
 10:00-11:30AM Two hours of non-stop children's entertainment including songs, stories, poems, interviews, and special guests with your host Christina.

CANADIAN LUNCH 11:30AM-1:00PM From Tofino to Gander, Baffin Island to Portage La Prairie. The all-Canadian soundtrack for your middle snack!

STEVE AND MIKE 1:00-2:00PM Crashing the boys' club in the pit. Hard and fast, heavy and slow. Listen to it, baby (hardcore).

THE ONOMATOPEIC SHOW 2:00-3:00PM Comic comic comic. Oh yeah, and some music with Robin.

RHYMES AND REASONS 3:00-5:00PM On Hialul the ladies return? Stay tuned!

LEGALLY HIP alt. 5:00-6:00PM

PEDAL REVOLUTIONARY alt. 5:00-6:00PM Viva la Velourist! DJ Helmet Hair and Chainbreaker Jane give you all the bike news and views you need and even cruise around while doing it! <http://www.sustainability.ca/dinos/cadia>

OUT FOR KICKS 6:00-7:30PM No Birkenstocks, nothing politically correct. We don't get paid so you're damn right we have fun with it. Hosted by Chris B.

ON AIR WITH GREASED HAIR 7:30-9:00PM The best in roots rock 'n' roll and rhythm and blues from 1942-1962 with your snappily-attired host Gary Olsen.

cplupys5@aol.com

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL 9:00-11:00PM local muzak from 9 live bands from 1011.

HIGHBRED VOICES 11:00PM-1:00AM

PLUTONIAN NIGHTS 1:00-6:00AM Loops, layers, and oddities. Naked phone staff. Resident hailtech with guest DJs and performers.

<http://plutonian.com>

FRIDAYS

SHADOW AT DAWN 6:00-8:00AM With DJ Goulash,

CAUGHT IN THE RED 8:00-10:00AM Trawling the trash heap of over 50 years worth of real rock 'n' roll debris.

SKA-T'S SCENE-1K DRIVE 10:00AM-12:00PM

Email requests to cdjska_1@hotmail.com

THESE ARE THE BREAKS 12:00-2:00PM DJ Splice, A.V. Shack, and Promo bring you a flipped-out, freaked out, full-on, funkified, sample heavy

beat-tain trip, focusing on anything with beats!

HIGH ON GRASS 2:00-3:30PM
NARDUAR THE HUMAN SERVETTE PRESENTS...
 3:30-5:00PM Please keep on rockin' in the free world and have a good breakfast. Rock on, Narduar and Cleopatra Von Fluffstein.

NOOZE AND ARTS 5:00-6:00PM

FAR EAST SIDE SOUNDS alt. 6:00-9:00PM

AFRICAN RHYTHMS alt. 6:00-9:00PM David "Love" Jones brings you the best new and old jazz, soul, Latin, samba, bossa, and African music from around the world.

HOMEBASS 9:00PM-12:00AM Hosted by DJ Noah: techno, but also some trance, acid, tribal, etc. Guest DJs, interviews, retrospectives, giveaways, and more.

BREAKING WAVES IN YOUR HEAD 12:00-2:00AM

SATURDAY

FILL-IN 2:00-6:00AM
FILL-IN 6:00-8:00AM

THE SATURDAY EDGE 8:00AM-12:00PM Studio guests, new releases, British comedy sketches, folk music calendar, and ticket giveaways.

8:00AM-12:00PM Celtic music and performances.

SOULISTAH RADIO 12:00-1:00PM

POWERCHORD 1:00-3:00PM Vancouver's only true metal show; local demo tapes, imports and other rarities. General Rattlehead, Dwaing, and Metal Ron do the damage.

CODE BLUE 3:00-5:00PM From backwoods delta low-down slide to urban harp honks, blues, and blues roots with your hosts Jim, Andy, and Paul.

RADIO FREE AMERICA 6:00-8:00PM Extraordinary political research guaranteed to make you think. Originally broadcast on KFIJ (Los Angeles, CA).

SOUL TREE alt. 10:00-1:00AM From dis-woop to hip hop, from the electric to the eclectic, host Michael Ingram goes beyond the call of gospel and takes soul music to the nth degree. (Welcome back Michael!)

PIPERREAMS alt. 10:00-1:00AM

THE RED EYE alt. 1:00-4:30AM

EARWAX alt. 1:00-4:30AM "nice little mindfuck, hardcore like punk/beatle drop dam headz rock inna junglist mashup/distort da source full force with needl on vox/my choos tune rampant when I fire da jazz..." Out - Guy Smiley

REGGAE LINKUP 4:30-8:30AM Hardcore dancehall reggae that will make your mitchondria quake. Hosted by Sister B.

Kick around

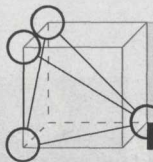
July 2001 Scott M.



listen to citizen online

www.citr.ca

The story thus far... A cat comes to a boy's home and hibernates in the little one. There's much laughter as the cat's people prepare for the journey to his home. Some of the cats are together and are walking into the night. They pass some insects and a good-times pub. Next, they are beckoned by a mythical animal. Into the woods they go to meet other animals. The boy receives a rock. You can



datebook

what's happening in july

FRI JUNE 29

millennium project@sugar refinery; wide mouth mason, chin@commodore; it's rubella, pan tourisms, butterflies attack, culottes@119 lower lonsdale, north vancouver (back alley, 7:30pm); giants of jazz@blinding light; smut peddling sam, mr. plow, fr. vanconver's shame@java joint; 3 deuces, mulligan men, ripley@gibbons (seattle); joshua randen quartet@vogue; scavis/douglas/phillips/van der schyff; tim berne's hard cell@vancouver east cultural centre; december thirty jazz trio@western front; kato sugimoto, barre philips@dr. sun yates classical gardens; bet a and stef@studio 16; broken sound barrier feat. graham haynes, eyvind kang@performance works (7pm)

SAT JUNE 30

skye brooks, pete schmitt, marc wild, jr carter@sugar refinery; trilok guru band, sex mob, zony mash@commodore; ross smith, tanya philipovich@starrydynamo cafe (4342 main); buddy guy, olu dharap@pheum; asia/lotus roots web launch@video in studios; giants of jazz@blinding light; operation mekoust, it's rubella, pan tourisms, culottes@the operating room (473 powell); flash band; the girls, the chris tait band@the pic; t minus 30 feat. stewart walker, sutekh, jerry abstract@spy (seattle); entertaining the troops feat. otaku, totu tomorrow@republic (300 w. pender); sludgepud, barbie car, mynigmo@gibbons (seattle); dove douglas new quintet, chris potter quartet@vogue; normand gullbeault, riel plaidoyer musical/musical pleat@vancouver east cultural centre; eve smith quartet@studio 16 (pm); ellery eskline, andrea parkins, jim black@studio 16 (midnight); kevin brett, sisters euclid@performance works

SUN JULY 1

kaizen, golden wedding band@sugar refinery; richie hawtin, decks, ex and 909@commodore; eigentgirl! new queer german@blinding light; the hangmen, the rock 'n' roll survivors, billy the kid and the lost boys@the pic; sugarman three, the bert nelsen band@starfish room; sonar 4-year anniversary feat. jazzanova@sonar; kelley hum@yale; bala fleck and the flecktones@vogue; mark turner/kut rosenwinkel quartet, ellery eskline@vancouver east cultural centre; brigam kraus' 300@studio 16 (7pm); tim berne's hard cell@studio 16 (midnight); canada day jazz fest celebration feat. mimosa, jim posgate horn band, mark atkinson trio, flying bulgar klezmer band, anna lumiere quartet and more@performance works (noon-midnight)

MON 2

eyvind kang, laundryroom lullaby bait, local budha@spy (seattle); anticipation ll w/dj veronica, the sundance kid, lordey@sonar; texas flood@yale; zombie 4, cockeyed ghost, briam kenney fresno@gibbons (seattle)

TUES 3

skye brooks, masa anza@sugar refinery; the sweetwits wild and wooly animation tour@blinding light; muskizs featuring marta sebastien@ccc college performing arts theatre; inject@montmartre cafe (4362 main); gerald charlie@yale

WED 4

jessie and myki, cineworks (7pm)s@sugar refinery; kool keith@commodore; independent exposure's all-animation tour@blinding light; grande 4-year anniversary w/ gman, wax, kemo, rick, m'err@sonar; taylor james, gary comou@yale

THUR 5

international falls@sugar refinery; seven days of samsoara, three inches of blood, since by man, the cast, when butterflies attack@ms. t's cabaret; cinemuerie (5th thru 14th)@pacific cinema/theque; moe@commodore; orquesta ibrahim ferer, ruben gonzalez@torpheum; byob@blinding light; the beans, xiu xia, dixies death pool@starfish room; taylor james, dove hadlock@yale; the fucking chachis, the daryls, coccy@gibbons (seattle)

FRI 6

the golden wedding band@sugar refinery; arj, sebastien teller@commodore; greyboy, buck 65@sonar; the industristables@yale; oozies, quick 66, st james gate, slit liquor@gibbons (seattle)

SAT 7

CITR PRESENTS: TECHNIC DMC CHAMPS ALL-AGES, 2-8pm@GRANDVIEW AUDITORIUM, jerry eyes w/guests@sugar refinery; jerg with a bomb, hot hot heat@the pic; double trouble@commodore; lufkz, submission hold, def poets society@the copeland sports arena (burnaby); the indestructibles@yale; sk and the punk ass bitches, seawolf, the hi beams@gibbons (seattle)

SUN 8

kaizen@sugar refinery; the ladonnas, the felchers, the stag reels@the 22 JULY 2001

pic; brickhouse@yale; the fartz, pipettef, two man advantage@gibbons (seattle)

MON 9

greg macpherson band@sugar refinery; texas flood@yale; dj peter madril@gibbons (seattle)

TUES 10

skye brooks, masa anza@sugar refinery; 3 doors down, lifehouse, tantric/plaza of nations; big pixel theory (10th and 11th)@blinding light; d-fuse, chris fisher@spy (seattle); kinnie star, chin@richard's; steve hanson@yale

WED 11

elisa rose@sugar refinery; o-town@queen elizabeth theatre; beyond the pole@montmartre theatre; adam beyer, rinse, slantcohl@spy (seattle); dove wakeling, english beat@richard's; tim williams@yale

THUR 12

gentleman reg, a northern chorus@sugar refinery; alejandro escovedo, be good tanyas@richard's; best of pdl this! (12 and 13th)@blinding light; tim williams@yale; studfiner, the lashes, the valley@gibbons (seattle)

FRI 13

CITR PRESENTS: BENEFIT FOR GLC FOOD BANK FET. BRONZE, TRAIL VS. RUSSIA, 42EMS, T'S CABARET, golden wedding band@sugar refinery; meg-a-metal festival@ludabaker's; michael front and spearhead@commodore; scarlaboy, rye catchers, star collector@picadilly; kenny larkin, experimental lude museum, carlos miguel@spy (seattle); vancouver folk festival (13th thru 15th)@ericho beach park; sue leonard, the big dawg band, mike henry@yale; the nearly deads, the triggers, the heroic trio, the stink bugs@gibbons (seattle)

SAT 14

third time's the charm presents scard of choko@the pic; bossanova, capozzi park, selena harrington@sugar refinery; *dance this mess around* feat. le petite morte, the krentlin@the operating room; baby blue sound crew@commodore; big sandy and his flyrite boys, the corn sisters@richard's; pdl this! 10 (14th and 15th)@blinding light; sue leonard, the big dawg band, mike henry@yale; the criples, new luck toy@gibbons (seattle)

SUN 15

unrefined@sugar refinery; brickhouse@yale

MON 16

jordi sancho@sugar refinery; texas flood@yale; dj peter madril@gibbons (seattle)

TUES 17

skye brooks, masa anza@sugar refinery; another girl, another planet@blinding light; danny tripper and the journeyman@yale

WED 18

colin maskell@sugar refinery; the blood brothers, taxi berlin, the red light sing, p. an. tms. t's cabaret; fishbone, alky@commodore; fiat is beautiful@blinding light; elevator@starfish room; radio@yale

THUR 19

battery opera, craig norton@sugar refinery; snop dog, xzibit, east-sidaz, ex.@pacific coliseum concert bowl; object cinema@blinding light; amazombies, pict@ms. t's cabaret; halo varga, jun delarous@sonar; taxi@yale; six beer bladder, ar, three years down, kite festival@gibbons (seattle)

FRI 20

golden wedding band@sugar refinery; reverend hortat heat, bare jr.@commodore; mission folk music festival (20th thru 22nd)@fraser river heritage regional park (mission); plaster cast: a cockumentary (20th thru 22nd)@blinding light; jerry doucette@yale; agent 86, ignorance, mea culpa, lead baby@gibbons (seattle)

SAT 21

motion soundtrack, brundisly@sugar refinery; buddy miles@commodore; 2nd annual burnaby blues festival@deer lake (2-10pm); jerry doucette@yale; the blacks, reckless bastards, swinging amig@s-gibbons (seattle)

brickhouse@yale; the daryls, ficks, jodie watts@gibbons (seattle)

SUN 22

the need, erase errata, le petite morte@video in studios; sugar ray, unite kracker@queen elizabeth theatre; texas flood@yale; dj peter madril@gibbons (seattle)

SUBMISSIONS TO DATEBOOK ARE FREE.
FOR THE AUGUST ISSUE, DEADLINE IS JULY 30.
FAX LISTINGS IN TO 822.9364 OR EMAIL
-DISCORDE@CLUB.AMS.UBC.CA-

TUES 24

echo and the bunnymen@richard's; medical amateurs (24th and 25th)@blinding light; dove woodward@yale

WED 25

cheap trick, harmony riley@commodore; add n to (x)@starfish room; todd taylor and the new vehicle@yale

THUR 26

CITR PRESENTS: HINTERLAND, A LUNA RED, MARNIE MAINS@MS.T'S CABARET; pantera, slayer, static-x, skrope, morbid angel@pacific coliseum; fear factory, puya, primer 55, dry kill logic@commodore; new cineworks@blinding light; the spillars, shoke chi, hissy fit@starfish room; mark tarino@sonar; doc's blues, incognito, bluespiggins, malpractice, the crawl, aural fixation@yale; awkward star, anansi, greg sinibaldi trio@gibbons (seattle)

FRI 27

tower of power@commodore; trish t. minh-ho's reassemblage@blinding light; mudhoney@starfish room; roots fest (27th thru 29th)@royal roads (victoria); twisters@yale; the undisputed heavyweight champions@gibbons (seattle)

SAT 28

depeche mode@pacific coliseum; proclaimers@commodore; trish t. minh-ho's sunnava viat, given name ram@blinding light; sound tribe street 9@wise hall (1882 adanac); statona, jael, cinch@silverstone; twisters@yale; texas funeral, the boss maritans, the backstoppers@gibbons (seattle)

SUN 29

warren zevon, david lindley, wally ingram@commodore; trish t. minh-ho's naked spaces: living is round@blinding light; brickhouse@yale

TUES 31

green day, the living end@plaza of nations; grames brothers@yale

SPECIAL EVENTS

ASIA/LOTUS ROOTS WEB LAUNCH

ON SATURDAY, JUNE 30, THE ASIAN SOCIETY FOR THE INTERVENTION OF AIDS (ASIA) AND LOTUS ROOTS WILL BE BRINGING US A NIGHT OF TAIKO DRUMMING, SPOKEN WORD, FUNK DRAG, AND SEX EDUCATION AT VIDEO IN STUDIOS (1965 MAIN STREET). ADMISSION IS BY DONATION; THE SHOW STARTS AT 8PM. WWW.ASIA.BC.CA

MULTIPIX GRAND

HELL ON WHEELS, JULY 6-8 IS GOING TO BE ONE FUN WEEKEND FOR SOME OF US. FOR STARTERS, THE MULTIPIX USERS GROUP IS CURATING A THREE-DAY FESTIVAL OF MULTIMEDIA ACTION AT THE BLINDING LIGHT!! STARS WILL INCLUDE FREAKY DNA, BEN NEVILE, DJ AGRICULTURE, STRATEGY, LOSCIL, -OUTHERN ACIFI+, ZERO SQUARED, AND BILLIONS MORE. CHECK OUT MEMBERS.HOME.COM/MULTIPIX FOR A COMPLETE AND UP-TO-DATE SCHEDULE.

DMC CHAMPIONSHIPS 2001

CITR PRESENTS THE VANCOUVER ELIMINATION ROUND OF THE TECHNIC DMC TURNABLE CHAMPIONSHIPS, SATURDAY JULY 7 AT THE GRANDVIEW AUDITORIUM FROM 2-8 PM. IT'S ALL-AGES AND COSTS A MERE \$10 ADVANCE, MORE AT THE DOOR. SUPERSTAR JUDGES WILL INCLUDE PRECISE, KEMO, HIFI, AND DARIUS. CALL THE INFOLINE FOR MORE: 604.645.1229. •

LATE NIGHT CANADA DAY BASH, SUGAR MAN 3 w/ BURT NEILSON BAND
SUNDAY JULY 1ST THE STARFISH ROOM (OPEN TIL 2AM)

moe.

Thur July 5th, The Commodore Ballroom **HOOPERBLUES CONCERTS™**



sound tribe
sector 9

July 27th, The Boot Pub, Whistler
July 28th, The Wise Hall, Vancouver

1882 Adanac



David Lindley & Warren Zevon
Wally Ingram

Sun. July 29th

The Commodore Ballroom

HOOPERBLUES CONCERTS™

Upstream Entertainment



The Upstream Dance Cruise with
ROBERT WALTERS
20TH CONGRESS

Sat. Sept. 1st, On A Very Big Boat

Tix @ Black Swan, Highlife, Zulu or

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Tix & More info. @ www.upstreamentertainment.com or call the Streamline @ (604) 904 4207

This month's master tapes...



SQUARE-PUSHER Go Plastic CD/LP

The quintessential bed-room producer, **Tom Jenkinson's** distinctive programming style helped push the drum and bass idiom into computer-assisted total percussive mayhem—hyper-processed cyborg music for the pulsing, frenetic digital age. While this latest release clearly demonstrates **Jenkinson's** legendary fastidiousness, **Go Plastic** has more conviction and maturity than his earlier work, without sacrificing energy or basic dance floor oomph. Could this mean a freindlier and more melodic **SQUAREPUSHER**? Come check it out.

CD 16.98 LP 19.98

JOHN ZORN Songs from the Hermetic Theatre CD

Oh boy, four new works by that thoughtful ambassador for the international avant-garde underground, the super-hipper **JOHN ZORN** including his first foray into purely computer music. **Songs from the Hermetic Theatre** also pays tribute to the creative iconoclasts **Harry Smith**, **Joseph Beuys**, and **Maya Deren**—three important free spirits of the 20th century. As the **Track** press people wisely observe, this is "an essential collection of dialogues from one generation of the underground to another." Indeed.

CD 16.98 AVAILABLE FIRST WEEK OF JULY

IN-STORE:
Tigerbeat Six Recording Artists KID 606 and CEX
stop by Zulu on Tuesday July 17th at 4:30 pm

Now Showing at:
tart GALLERY
1569 West 4th Avenue
also the Zulu Satellite Store - Stop by for a deal!

DIMITRI FROM PARIS Monsieur Dimitri's De- luxe House of Funk CD

Is everyone out there quiet for a party? It's summer, and the urge to dance is forcing us to face, and overcome, our inhibitions. Who better to guide us onto the dance floor than **MONSIEUR DIMITRI** from Paris, a man who understands the divine value of a funky bass-line and ethereal wind instruments layered over steady, groovable beats galore! His remixes of **Bjork**, the **Brand New Heavies**, and **Bob Sinclar** are far out, though it's a shame to name-drop only a few... This is a pallo-ready affair as long as you've got the mesquite candles burning—this smooth, steady mix will keep you outside until long after dark!

CD 16.98

THALIA ZEDEK Been Here and Gone CD

Think back to a moment to the summer of 1992... maybe some of you attended an in-store at our old shack graced by the post-blues slide guitar cries of **THALIA ZEDEK** and **Chris Brokaw's** combo. Come. Like their mentors in **Television**, **ZEDEK** and **Brokaw** used their guitars to echo away into the surface of the songs, channeling out a bewitching, ethereal minor chord visceral rock. Here, on her solo debut, **THALIA** marries the brooding pillars of **Nick Cave** and **Patti Smith**, to offer 13 sorties guaranteed to get your senses tingling.

CD 19.98 AVAILABLE FIRST WEEK OF JULY

BEANS Crane Wars CD/LP

If you don't know **THE BEANS** by now, I will shame on you. If you do, then you've doubtless been in a state of tremendous anticipation, awaiting the release of their second full-length recording. Either way, **Crane Wars** is an essential purchase for anyone with even a passing interest in the local music scene or the real meaning of post-rock. Everything that the band built their loyal following on is here—epic wide-screen rock dynamics, eclectic instrumentation, electronic trickery and so much more. The most amazing thing is that it leaves you with the sense that the best is yet to come. World class.

CD/LP 16.98

CANNED HAMM Karazma CD

After touring the U.S. with **Neil Hamburger**, Vancouver's foremost and only purveyors of entertainment have finally released their debut CD. It's filled to the brim with songs that'll have you crusing! Robson with the top down and your top off. **Big Hamm** (**Stow**, **Tankhog**, **The Orientals**) and **Little Hamm** (**July Fourth Toilet**, various karaoke joints) have crafted a plate that'll have you laughing, crying, and dancing all at the same time. Featuring such sing-along classics as "I Kissed All The Girls At The Party," "Karaoke Lady," and the title track, as well as bonus answering machine message, you could wait to buy this... but why?

CD 14.98 AVAILABLE FIRST WEEK OF JULY

STATIONa The Wap Factory CD

Save your quarters, 'coz the **Zen Sarcas** is closed. The at one time unthinkable has happened... **Sonic Youth**, **Mike Watt**, and **J. Mascis** have ceased to matter. But think back, my friends, to the hazy summers of the past when you were living it all over in a 14-year-old nation, when every tape in your car seemed to have the SST logo on it, and days like never got in the way of a day at the lake. Cut to summer 2001. Vancouver's **STATIONa** are back with their third, and finest, album (inspired by the **Lain Banks** novel), an adventurous, hokey, and epic, outing that reminds one, at times, of **Pelvic**. A minor art classic, indeed.

CD 14.98 AVAILABLE FIRST WEEK OF JULY

CONTINENTAL DRIFTERS Better Day CD

Some point to their lineage, which includes members of the **Ob's**, **Bangles**, **Dream Syndicate**, and **Cowells**. Others argue that their previous effort, **Vermilion**, was the acronyous unsung hero award winner of 1998. Heck! It makes no difference, the **Kludgs** go beyond pedigree and songwriting skill—this band is magical. Yup, their alchemy is up there with **Steve Earle** and **Lucinda Williams**. The **Continental Drifters** make masterful music from basic elements: pop, rock and roots. Features 12 gorgeous grass-roots tracks!

CD 16.98



NICOLA CONTE Boss Per Due CD

Certified by the **Theivery Corporation**, **NICOLA CONTE** is the latest groove-architect to join the Eighteenth Street Lounge school. Known for smooth lines and flowing funk beats, **CONTE**'s eye for detail flourishes as he flirts with his trusted materials—woody strings, resonant vibes, and loose jazz beats. These drafts are acoustically rich and the perfect complement for lounging moments entranced by a revere of opulent design. All in all, a tidy and stylish listen... Bravo!

CD 19.98

Various LAZY TRANSMISSIONS Mixed by Luke McKeehan CD

It's always hard to find a quiet spot at **Sonar**, but on a late night long ago, well after the speakers' last thump, the **Wordcrack** brain trust held a special meeting to quietly draft the blueprints for some expansion. **Lazy Transmissions** articulates the discussion, collecting many of the proposed ideas that have shaped what is now history—an arsenal of massive deep mixes 12" platters. Features 13 up-tempo mixes of **Home 2 Garden**, **Htrax**, **T.O.S.**, **Gavin Froom**, **Morgan Page**, and others' Essentials.

CD 14.98

FANTOMAS The Director's Cut CD

Here at Zulu, we do not throw the term "cult-group" around lightly. No! We reserve this nomenclature for the taxonomy of outfits supported by the most fervently rabid of fans. Please do not send us any more e-mails in the mail. It is here—the uncompromising and aesthetically flexible **FANTOMAS** album. Sonic highway robbery from **Mike Patton**, **Buzz Osborne**, **Dave Lombardo** and **Trevor Dru**! Their agenda: to re-interpret "soundtrack music" ranging from subtle and precise compositions to those more brutal and explosive. Join the cult!

CD 20.98 AVAILABLE JULY 10

PERNICE BROTHERS The World Won't End CD

The spacey choir of the last notes in **Big Star's Kangaroo** hangs in the air, evening elegy embraces morning solitude. You hold your breath 'til the next record plays; you're in limbo, like a Polaroid waiting to develop. Ah, **JOE PERNICE**—the emulsion materializes into a nervy mix of bright west-coast pop and pridal soft fused country. Someone mumbles the stark realization **The World Won't End**, you wonder through the sanctioned melancholy... Is this good or bad? A brilliant record.

CD 16.98 AVAILABLE FIRST WEEK OF JULY

SPLICE THESE INTO YOUR DECKS

HIM NEW FEATURES CDLP
LESSER MENSA DANCE SQUEE
VARIOUS KID 606 & FRIENDS VOL. 1 CD
DELTRON 3030 POSITIVE CONTACT/TIME KEEPS ON SLIPPING 12"
BASEMENT JAXX ROOBY CD
SLICKER THE LIVING ROOM 2CDLP

THE BIONAUT LUBRICATE YOUR LIVING-ROOM CD
ORTON SOCKET 99 EXPLOSIONS CD
DAVID AXELROD 57 CD AVAILABLE JULY 10
HIS NAME IS ALIVE SOMEDAY MY BLUES CD
VARIOUS ALPHA MOTHERFUCKERS: A TRIBUTE TO TURBONEGRO CDLP
NEOTROPIC LA PROCHAINE FOIS CDLP
BABLICON A FLAT INSIDE A FOG, THE CAT THAT WAS A DOG 2CDLP
FENNESZ ENDLESS SUMMER CD AVAILABLE MID-JULY

All prices in effect until July 31, 2001

Humorist Ink
1st Anniversary Show & Drizzly Town Launch:
runs 'til July 16th
Next Show (opens July 21st):
Future Visions
runs 'til August 15th



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